THE COMMONWEAL

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THE COURT CHANGES LEADERS

WITH the tributes to William Howard Taft and to Charles Evans Hughes we are in hearty agreement. The one commands our respect as completely as any man who has lived in our times; the other is his worthy successor. But we think it is a little extravagant to say (as many hurried to do following Mr. Taft's resignation) that under his direction the Court has erased most of the complaints against it; complaints which at one time led a very considerable movement to reduce its powers. Those complaints are not so clamorously recited today as they were six and eight years ago simply because the first Senator La Follette is dead, and men in sympathy with his spirit, but not his programs, have come to see that the remedy he proposed was too drastic, and fringed with altogether too great dangers. The chief antagonist is dead, and with him the plan to take away from the Supreme Court its power of absolute veto; but the grievance which motivated him still exists.

Of course the Supreme Court was established principally to draft treaties of peace, as it were, between the federal power and the states. Its purpose was to terminate conflicts rising out of our twofold scheme of government, and by eliminating friction, to preserve that scheme. Instead it has been one of the most able instruments of the movement to center all power in the federal government; to take from the states even their control over the personal behavior of their citizens. It has done this in two ways: by upholding such laws of federal control as the Volstead Act, and by nullifying many state laws which were meant to correct conditions so purely local as to be no proper concern of the nation as a whole. Clearly the Supreme Court was designed to overthrow state laws only where these came in flagrant conflict with the constitution. The Oregon School Law was such a law, and it was the Supreme Court's business to nullify it. But it has also nullified laws not clearly in violation of the constitution; nullified them on the shading of a word, sometimes by a majority of no more than one; and the pity of it is that often these laws have been designed to do away with fraud and unfairness. Examples in very recent years are the New York law to prevent theatre-ticket brokers from charging a premium of more than $.50 over the box-office price, and the Arizona law to refuse injunctions in labor disputes, both of which were well designed to correct local abuses, and both of which were overthrown on the merest technicality.

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The sudden appearance of Mr. Hughes as Chief Justice reminds us that we may be nearing a wholesale change in the Court's personnel. Indeed it is not unlikely that Mr. Hoover will be called upon to appoint at least five associate justices during his administration, especially if he is elected to another four years. But given a President of Mr. Hoover's convictions, it is not probable that his appointments would greatly affect the temperament of the Court. Under Mr. Taft, it represented the choices of five Presidents, beginning with Roosevelt, and Mr. Hoover is pretty well in line with three of them. Of course, men appointed to the Court sometimes surprise the Presidents who appointed them, as Mr. Justice Holmes surprised Roosevelt, and of course Mr. Hoover may not get another four years. But all in all our guess is that ten years must pass before we can dare to ask that the Court reflect some of the specific judiciary sentiment of the twentieth century. The times are not yet ripe. We hope that in ten years they will be.

And this is not so vain as may be thought. The Court is softening a little, and we say this in full awareness of the restrictiveness which characterizes most of its decisions at present. Mr. Justice Holmes may still be known chiefly for his dissenting opinions, but he has lived to see more than one dissenting opinion of yesterday become the Court's decision of today. He has been an associate justice for more than twenty-seven years now, and his ideas are beginning to sift through. Give him twenty-seven more and he would make of it a court of justice instead of a very admirable court of academic law.

WEEK BY WEEK

WE SEE no reason for the disappointment over Secretary Stimson's statement abandoning all hope of further reduction in cruiser strength. It was not unexpected. It has been obvious for months that the British would not do with less than fifty cruisers, and that if we wished parity in this class we must accept their minimum. To refuse might have been to lose the only opportunity for limitation of any kind. The difference between the figures suggested during the Hoover-MacDonald conversations and what we now propose is not great enough to get excited about. Instead of 305,000 tons we shall have 327,000; and the peace of the world is not likely to be endangered by 22,000 tons. If the French and Italian differences can be adjusted so that this understanding between Britain and America can become part of the general treaty, we shall have put an end to cruiser competition, and have achieved a theoretical parity by giving either country the option of duplicating exactly the cruiser fleet of the other. That is something. And with this source of friction eliminated, in the next five or ten years we may be able to see our way clear to an actual reduction of cruiser strength. Meanwhile the desire for reduction is recognized in the proposal to scrap three American and five British battleships immediately, which will mean a saving of $100,000,000 to the two nations by 1936.

First Action at London

GREAT BRITAIN, of course, would be pleased to go further, since it is not closely wedded to the big-ship idea anyhow. Years ago Admiral Sir Percy Scott began to preach the futility of battleships. He was not without followers. The airplane and submarine had proved their effectiveness as weapons of offense and to the airplane or submarine, the bigger the ship, the better the target. These ideas have had some influence on the government; in the face of unwillingness elsewhere to do away with the battleship altogether, Mr. MacDonald's statement favors "a reduction in size from 35,000 tons to 25,000 tons and of guns from sixteen inches to twelve inches." The proposal is not likely to be received with enthusiasm in our navy, not so ready as the British government to relinquish the battleship idea, and our admirals have been quoted as believing that to reduce a battleship below 30,000 tons is largely to destroy its effectiveness as a battleship. In effect what the British plan would accomplish is to do away with battleships as they are now known, and replace them with battle cruisers, a class which has been practically non-existent since the Washington conference. We do not think it is an especially inspired plan; if the battleship is obsolete, so is the battle cruiser.

More Shooting in Mexico

THOUGH abundant rumors had asserted that the inauguration of Ortiz Rubio would not be an entirely peaceful affair, one was hardly prepared for the attempted assassination. The Mexican President escaped death by a hair, under a hail of bullets fired by a veritable boy who knew that he would be caught. Such acts—as witness the very similar incident of the Obregon assassination—are never done on personal initiative. They presuppose a cause which has brought many together for a common purpose and which has aroused intense enthusiasm. In the present instance the cause is assumed to be that sponsored by José Vasconcelos, whose followers charge that the election in which he was defeated was a simple hoax. Appearances must, however, never be taken at their face value in Mexico. In spite of all talk to the contrary, the country has recently bristled with plots and miniature rebellions impossible to trace to any single source. The chronic revolutionary disorder breaks out afresh on various parts of the body politic, and such a thing as complete civic health appears to be well-nigh impossible. One hopes for good government in Mexico, but it is hard to believe that it will be secured through a mere process of elimination in which target practice is the chief factor. What is needed is a genuinely honest election—and we are not far from believing that some day the United States will be compelled to guarantee one.

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POINT one scored by the Wickersham Law Enforcement report is apparently headed for congressional approval. Leading House wets declare, however, that they are supporting the transfer of Volsteadian authority to the Department of Justice solely in order to demonstrate that drought is impossible under any circumstances. As a matter of fact, little is to be hoped for from the change besides a victory for logic. Prohibition is first of all a matter of prosecuting throngs of guilty souls, and so the Attorney-General might rightly take over the enterprise. In so far as point two of the report is concerned, we are doubtless in for a great deal of talk about juryless trials. We do not believe that the proposal can be written into law without important modifications. Though the constitutionality of such a step may be less questionable than Senator Wagner, of New York, thinks it is, subsequent political effects might be ominously important. From this point of view the Senator's address is a memorable document, outlining as it does the caution with which Mr. Hoover has treated the prohibition problem since his election. Most of the campaign promises have gone by the boards. Indeed, one is not far from surmising that the President was greatly relieved by the chance to turn everything over to Mr. Wickersham. After all, Mr. Wickersham does not have to run the Republican party.

Around the Decanter

COORDINATION between the Federal Farm Board and the various state coöperative marketing associations has recently been effected in an attempt to stabilize the cotton market. Closing quotations, which were a fraction below the ad valorem basis on which the board approves loans to cotton operatives, indicated a loss on the product which would mount into the millions. The Farm Board's assurance to southern senators that it would not alter its loan basis was followed by its prompt endorsement of the arrangement made by the American Cotton Coöperative Association to take over all the marketing activities of the various state organizations. Thus the American Cotton Coöperative Association, aided by Farm Board loans, would actually serve as a stabilization corporation. Since little more than 5 percent of the 1929 crop remains in the hands of the growers, Senator George of Georgia correctly concludes that "a stabilization corporation to operate widely during the remaining months of this season would benefit not so much the growers as the present holders of cotton." Nevertheless once this stabilization corporation commences to function as a direct activity of the Farm Board, the desired benefit to the grower would not be far behind. The cotton farmer may have his money for the 1929 crop, but what the market does now will have an immediate effect on the valuation to be placed on the 1930 pickings. Obviously some of the elements of an experiment cling to the farm board's plan but the prospects of its ultimate success are good.

Saving King Cotton

AMERICAN history seems to indicate that it is far easier to send troops to pacify a country than to withdraw an occupational force. Considerable storm, both within and without the government, centered around the presence of United States marines in Nicaragua where for many years it was impossible to release the bear's tail safely. A parallel situation exists today in Haiti. Our soldiers are in command under the terms of a treaty which does not expire until 1936. No one in the island whose opinion carries weight hesitates to predict that premature withdrawal would be followed by political and economic chaos. Yet from the standpoint of our entire Latin-American relations, intervention, however justified, is not desirable. Nor is it made more palatable to the Haitians by accusations directed against General Russell, the high commissioner, and his investigators, who are believed to be allied with President Borno's government to the detriment of the people's interest. President Hoover has moved promptly to disarm such criticism. Empowered by Congress, he has announced his intention of appointing a commission of inquiry to determine "when and how we are to withdraw" and "what we shall do in the meantime." One hopes that this commission will recommend speedy education of the Haitians in democratic government so that the first disqualification for self-rule will be removed.

Adventures in Occupation

IMPOSING a fine of ten shillings upon a merchant who had violated the Shops Early Closing Act by selling a cheese during prohibited hours, a British magistrate ironically remarked that here was a serious offense, indeed. The working out of this illustrious act, has to be sure, become a matter the marvelousness of which is beyond understanding. Little by little a series of "exceptions" has been introduced, so that at present the task of distinguishing between what can and cannot be purchased after curfew would consume the energies of an American tariff expert. This development leads one to contemplate a sovereign curiosity of modern life—the circumstance that the French, saddled with one of the worst conceivable forms of government, are getting things done with despatch, while the English (supremely fortunate in their constitution) potter about interminably. The French housing and agricultural acts, for example, are drawn up with admirable clarity and they work. But while Britons have theorized sagely on both subjects, what they accomplish is reminiscent of nothing so much as a bad housewife. British housing reposes upon a multitude of conflicting provisions. British agricultural views are compounded of ten metaphysical systems at war with one another. And if a Frenchman desired to help shop clerks get more sleep, he would

English Cheese

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doubtless propose that they toil forty-eight hours a week. Always the difference seems to lie in contrasted conceptions of liberty. British fondness for individuality conjures up inside the framework of a given statute an almost indefinite number of exceptions; for the French, liberty and equality seem inextricably combined. And yet, over a long period of time, the English system appears to have worked better than the French. It is a juicy conundrum.

Science and Glozel

THE honor of science has emerged trim and debonair from the dust of Glozel. When the first excavations at this little, sleepy town in the department of Allier, France, brought to light objects which seemed to hail from a remote epoch, there was much furious and excited discussion. Professors Reinach and Morlet argued that the fragments of vessels and the inscriptions dated from the reindeer age; other savants talked of what might be termed fossil-faking. The French government finally appointed an international commission of inquiry, which reported its findings during January of last year. Practically everything, it was declared, must be considered spurious. Newspapers and even scientific journals accepted the verdict without question, and a great deal of scorn was devoted to the sponsors of Glozel. But diverse authorities were not convinced and succeeded in promoting the appointment of a new commission which eventually contradicted what its predecessor had averred and assigned the articles unearthed to the neolithic period. It was then seen that the bone of contention was really the series of inscriptions, which Reinach considered the most ancient script in France and which others could not identify with so distant a geological era.

THIS riddle has now been solved, strangely enough, by a professor of theology. Professor Daniel Voelter, of Amsterdam, who succeeded in deciphering the inscriptions, proves that these are only relatively ancient and conserve the alphabet of a Semitic people which wandered into France about 700 B.C. They were Hebrews for the most part, who had originally been brought as captives from the copper mines of Sinai to a Phoenician colony on the Rhone, whence they later moved farther westward. Professor Voelter credits them with an interesting record, which shows that in addition to being competent workmen and traders in bronze wares, they taught their children reading and writing. Their religious life was highly developed, although they had customs not in vogue among the Israelites of Palestine. We are also told that there can be no question of the genuineness of the inscriptions. "No modern forgerer, however learned in Semitic languages he might be, could have produced such inscriptions," says the Amsterdam authority. "They are written by various hands at varying times, and belong definitely to a bygone age." Thus a discussion is brought to a close which scientists and their friends can applaud, and which can harm no one.

Indecency in California

WE ARE in complete sympathy with the Filipino Nationalists who indignantly declare that so long as they remain under the flag of the United States they will not suffer being treated as aliens in this country. The outrageous persecution of their fellow-countrymen in California is not a matter which we, so far removed from the scene, can hope to affect. It is a particularly local demonstration, probably confined to wholly irresponsible and objectionable elements in the California population. But the humiliation of the Filipinos is not lessened however California as a whole may disclaim the offenders as representative. If the affair had its roots in an economic resentment, we might at least attempt an explanation to the Islands. But it has not. Filipinos about Santa Cruz are not competing with white labor. If there were anything bizarre in the Filipino's manners, or uncouth in his way of living, we might try to understand (although even in this case certainly not to condone) the outburst. But there is not. In his manners and in his way of living the typical Filipino is one of the most satisfactory products of modern civilization. The trouble in California arose from an antipathy inspired and fed by the wildest kind of rumors. In a situation of this kind there is really no answer, no explanation, which can be made. If we have any decency left we can only admit our shame, and apologize.

A New "High" in Divorce

INFERENTIALLY one of the saddest commentories on divorce is provided by a recent news item from Chicago. There a judge, doubtless inspired by such phenomena as marathon dances, has set the "high" for divorce decrees. His new record, 525 for January, displaced his old, 513 for the preceding month. He was hard pressed, however, by a rival judge who ran up 513 for January. The despatch continued to prophesy optimistically that the year 1930 will set a new divorce record for Chicago, where the last year's figure was 10,336. Such wholesale dissolution of the civil ties of marriage obviously cannot be achieved with sufficient consideration of the merits of individual cases. Even advocates of divorce might be expected to protest that the machine-like precision of Chicago's mill travesties the law. The New York Times, quoting statistics of its own, draws the conclusions that the number of divorces are in direct proportion to prosperity and predicts that Chicago will have less divorce in 1930. "It has long been known," its editorial declares, "that the rate of broken marriages is high in good times and falls in periods of economic depression. . . . Even in this country it [divorce] is not an indulgence within the reach of the average income, and in Europe it is virtually pro-

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hibitive for the mass of the population." This again is an indirect, but powerful, argument against divorce as it is now legally practised for it has always been justified on the grounds that two people who cannot live happily together in wedlock should be freed from their marriage contract. If this be true—Catholics assuredly do not admit that it is—there should be no distinctions made between the rich and the poor.

Business Despite Beer

IF WE had time to be more than usually melancholy, the straits in which Mr. Christopher Morley finds himself would overwhelm us. During the most recent of past seasons veritable mobs of the young and old have jammed the Hoboken ferries, eager to enjoy peanuts, lager and drama. This last was unearthed from the past by Mr. Morley, who loves such plays as After Dark, and served to the public in a theatre which was modern enough to support a heavy mortgage. According to all reports the entertainment afforded was excellent, the brew available in the neighborhood comparable to the products of yore, and Hoboken itself "a slice of yesterday." But sentiment is, alas, a tender plant. Confronting an indebtedness of some thousands, Mr. Morley's enterprise has reluctantly (and one hopes temporarily) gone hunting for a receiver. The chief himself reports that he has received "a drastic but healthy education in business management, which, one has learned, is an art as delicate as any of the more aesthetic employments." Really like tatting or painting on cherrystones, we should say. May one take a cue from a Morley literary favorite and hope that the rich uncle will turn up soon?

The Dark Menace

FOR months Senator Heflin of Alabama has been comparatively quiet, but we are pleased to learn that he has lost none of his eloquence, or ingenuity. His recent speech in the Senate on the critical question of preserving the integrity and supremacy of the white race in the United States will probably go down in history as the first great oration of the post-war period. In it he made some reference to the attempted assassination of President Ortiz Rubio, and threats which have been uttered against his own person. "I do not know," said the Senator, "What my fate will be." But what really inspired him was his knowledge of "the open and notorious social equality policy" between Negroes and whites in New York state. Of course at this time of year there are other things for Mr. Heflin to worry about than the sorry systems of New York. There is, for instance, the lamentable condition of Alabama, where democracy will offer for the senatorial elections this year the name of a candidate other than Thomas Heflin. Rejected by his party, the watchdog of white supremacy will run as an independent. The campaign is just beginning. Now it is a long way from New York to Alabama as the crow flies, but Mr. Heflin has shortened it.

In Memoriam: Dr. Faunce

WE OF The Commonweal had more than one opportunity to appreciate the character of Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, whose death at the age of seventy-one was announced last week. Few men more justly deserved to be termed "liberal," for his was a tolerance which remained unremittingly self-critical even while it was patient and charitable with the views of others. Sincerely devoted to his own Baptist convictions, he was frankly appalled by the evidence for religious prejudice and did his part to denounce the evils brought to light during the Smith campaign. Dr. Faunce served as president of Brown University during thirty years and so wedded his native common sense to a vast amount of experience. It would have been difficult to find a more reasonable educator. He had great faith in adequate training in the liberal arts which, he thought, could help young people to decide intelligently what part in the complex drama of modern life they might play with honor and success. Four years on the campus seemed to him wasted unless one ended by acquiring some ability to think and some understanding of the virtues of a gentleman. He likewise held to a distinction between the masculine and feminine personalities, holding that both could not flourish equally in the same atmosphere. What Dr. Faunce wrote on educational topics is, indeed, likely to be of permanent value, because it is both abreast of modernity and yet not subservient to mere innovating theory. Meanwhile one remembers him gratefully for his own sterling personal worth.

PATENTED PROSPERITY

THE battle of words is raging—a battle whose objective is to convince the public either that our old friend prosperity is back with us, or that prosperity is dead and about to be buried. From Washington and from individual observers here and there come words of encouragement. From other sources and from the news columns of the daily press come black and dismal words. The facts lie hidden somewhere in no man's land, almost unattainable. This distressing uncertainty, itself a powerful incentive to depression, is one of the first fruits of the attempt to patent prosperity as a major political issue. The ghost of the famous "chicken in every pot" has, unhappily, come back to roost.

Let us make it clear, at once, that we do not consider the health or the malaise of business as in any way traceable to the government. No administration could have acted more promptly and energetically than Mr. Hoover's to check the despair which threatened the financial world a few months ago. It is simply a matter of statistical record that cycles of speculation and punishment run their course independently of politics and governmental action. The habit of reaching for the last nickel of profit at the crest of a bull market is beyond the control of either preachment or law.

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It is just as unfair and unfortunate to howl calamity as a political issue today as it was unfair and unwise to patent the chicken in the pot as a by-word in the last campaign.

It is a high tribute to the underlying common sense of the American people in adversity that so far no overt attempt has been made to capitalize depression politically. But the danger is always there. And in a covert way, the news values of unemployment are beginning to be played up in a fashion that is far from constructive. A New York daily, not overfriendly to the administration, recently carried the following front-page heading: "Jobs Scarce, Civil Service List Men Take Work on Scows at $3.50 a Day." The body of the story went on to explain that the regular civil service lists for low-paid jobs as scowmen are ordinarily so scant that emergency employees have to be drawn for the work, but that since the present depression civil service applicants have grown so numerous that no outside employment is necessary. This is a quite simple statement of fact, but the headline might easily give the impression that high-grade men were suddenly, and in desperation, taking to manual labor. For those who read as they run, it would simply drive the conviction deeper that bread lines and soup kitchens were next in order.

Our greatest constructive need today is for a reasoned optimism, based on impartial facts, and uncolored by senseless political prejudice. Here is the true opportunity of the Washington government. It would be a bold gesture, but a very astute one, for the Republican administration to renounce all right and title in patented prosperity, and to permit the Department of Commerce to assume its proper neutral function of business clearing-house. Where conditions are serious, the facts should be stated bluntly. This would give added weight and authority to every statement showing a marked improvement in other quarters. We know of one steel rolling mill that was practically closed down in December. During January it operated to capacity. This, at least, is a fact. It can probably be multiplied in many directions. On the other hand, we know of acute distress due to unemployment in far different quarters. Much of it may be due to the difficulties of transition from one field of employment to another. But the facts, both favorable and otherwise, would make interesting reading. The paramount need is to clear our sources of information from any suspicion of bias or rainbow optimism. American business has enough incentive, through self-interest, to reëstablish itself quickly and solidly. It knows how to handle facts with brutal directness. Its only serious enemy is the kind of optimism that breeds distrust and uncertainty. That leads to indecision—and business that cannot make a decision is the kind that cuts its payroll beyond repair. Mr. Hoover has an unparalleled opportunity to become a leader in actual fact by renouncing all title to being a leader in patented political magic.

HOW COMMMUNISTS ARE MADE

THE funeral of Mr. Steve Katovis, who was shot by a policeman during a strike which threatened to do considerable property damage, was the occasion for the greatest Communist demonstration of recent years. New York had, of course, known that radical sentiment was piling up, that public disapproval of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial had reached impressive proportions, and that diverse acts of repression had aided the spread of revolutionary propaganda among groups which poverty and helplessness have soured. And yet this funeral, bringing together a sizable throng of young people eager to sing the Internationale, came as something of a fascinating surprise. The spectator realized that growing unemployment was in the background—a wholesale failure to get work which was bringing to relief agencies and rectories a stream of applicants for aid. And while one might well marvel at the vigor with which industry had kept on going despite the terrific blow of last fall, it was evident that many a little wheel was not turning, that parts of the great machine had been laid up for repairs, and that just such a crowd as this young Communist throng might well appeal to the desperate.

Some of this youth is very young, indeed. No aspect of American Communist activity has received more attention than the organization known as the "Young Pioneers." Set up primarily as a substitute for the Boy Scouts and the Y.M.C.A., it enlists boys and girls whose parents either believe in revolution or are unaware of the purposes of the Pioneers. A considerable body of literature has been printed for distribution among adherents. This breathes hatred of the rich, of Christians, of government. Its songs exude rabid blasphemies. No doubt a definite streak of insanity acts as something of a prophylactic, but one must not make the error of underestimating its attractiveness for those who live in an atmosphere of constant complaint against social circumstance. Significant enough is the fact that a volume of American Communist poems in translation has obtained a wide circulation among European radicals. It means that brains and real energy are being employed in the service of Bolshevism.

Now if Communism is to develop in the United States, much fostering of what is at present a tender little plant must be done in the great cities. The thing has never been indigenous to our soil, on which the frontier conception of equality was nurtured for years and passed on to children as their birthright. It may well be—we think it probably is—a little out of date. But the rigid militant action of the Marxists was born out of the despair of the old world, and it cannot thrive here unless there are either enough of those who have starved abroad to keep the movement alive or unless we reproduce the situation which almost automatically bred opportunity for such men as Lenin. Our cities harbor European memories, and in some of them con-

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ditions are bad, indeed. Five thousand Communists! A band of young hotheads, it will seem, stuffed to the forelock with stale and fantastic theories. And yet they have forced the public to notice their "demonstrations," have preached the doctrine of revolution in hundreds of factory and mining towns, and have got themselves into an indefinite number of station houses, courts and jails. What is it then that makes the idea so attractive?

The answer may well be that here is the ultimate expression of resentment. The Communist need make no distinctions, allow no exceptions. His disgust with things as they are now extends to the American Federation of Labor as well as to Wall Street, to the endowed university no less than to the church. Tabula rasa is the formula in which he sees relief from every woe held to oppress him or his group. And since young people are averse to tedious qualifications, as well as energetic in the service of any ideology they sponsor, Communism interests young people. It lends enormous support to their critique of authority, to their belief in the "right to happiness." Curiously enough the majority of those who gathered to wave insurgent banners round the coffin of Katovis were not starving or out of a job. They were merely indignant at anybody else's being out of a job. They were crusading not for themselves but for humanity.

Should any large section of that humanity follow them, the event might well prove serious. We do not believe there is any immediate reason to take alarm. Nevertheless the warnings given by history are worthy of attention. Thus the era preceding the coming of Bolshevism was, on the whole, a time of increasing social betterment in Russia. The national wealth increased, markets and means of communication improved, and the nucleus of a program of reform was adopted by the government. In one significant essential, however, things grew steadily worse. Russian "leaders" proved themselves venal and inefficient with a gusto almost incredible in retrospect. Normal veneration of authority was undermined by a sequence of conscienceless and incompetent generals, love of order was submerged under the collapse of virtue in high places and behind imposing façades.

And so it is instructive to note that the same newspapers which carried accounts of the Katovis demonstration were also spilling over with information regarding the collapse of the Flint, Michigan, Union Industrial Bank. The trial of the officers of this institution resulted in prison sentences totaling 240 years, and in the discovery that more than $2,000,000 of the bank's money had disappeared. All the guilty men enjoyed the confidence of their fellow-citizens. Indeed, the share taken by them in civic and religious work made them distinctly representative of the better type of community leader. And yet, over a period of several years, they had used the bank's funds for speculative purposes, had concealed their activities behind a smoke-screen of forgeries and misleading ledger entries, and had squandered the savings of their clients. They had only one excuse: the market looked good, and if "things had panned out" nobody would have been the wiser.

This conduct, so characteristic of the "success morality" which has invaded every nook and cranny of American life, is in glaring contrast with the action of Mr. Charles S. Mott, chairman of the bank's directors. Aware of the losses which had reached a staggering total, Mr. Mott covered the amount with his own private fortune and insured the stability of the institution. There was no compelling reason for doing so. Mr. Mott might have shrugged his shoulders and allowed the disaster to run its course. But here was revealed the kind of leader, of dominant American citizen, which has been the pride and the hope of the United States. And it may be worth asserting that the social future of the country is less a matter of combat between extreme revolutionists and conservatives than between men of the Mott stamp and men like those whom the Flint court sent to jail.

Seldom in history has industrial society gone so far as ours in placing its reliance upon a group which the current phrase terms "captains." America is content that they should own an overwhelming proportion of available resources and means of distribution, provided only that the total social result be expressed as "the best that can be done." So vast is this confidence that citizens even neglect, as something of secondary value, the proper development of their political institutions. Chicago is a remarkable example of how everybody expects to live in spite of politics; but there is nobody who hopes to get on without the great industrialists. The justification of the American system has been its practical effectiveness. Leadership aware of its social obligations, even intrinsically unselfish, has time and time again banked heavily upon the support of public good-will.

But we should most assuredly go the way of Russia if this trust were violated or misused. The short cut to the spread of Communism in America lies through such conduct as was condemned in Flint. People will endure hardship, they will quench their anger, so long as they have faith and hope. Somebody, they will say, must be entrusted with the conduct of industry, and while the work is efficiently and honestly done they will not complain. The proof of this has been the circumstance that virtually all Socialistic activity in the United States has grown out of the wish to reform political abuses. But our national life would be altered sharply and startlingly if it ever proved desirable to reform industrial mismanagement and felony. After all, the Katovis demonstration is interesting chiefly as a sample of what America might be like if, in the contest incessantly staged between them, men of the Mott stamp conceded the victory to the forgerers of Flint, or more generally to the kind of fatally understandable but none the less fatal morality which they so dishonestly espoused.

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FACTS AND LATIN AMERICA

By JOHN CARTER

American industry looks southward, confident that flourishing markets will be opened in even "backward" countries. In the following paper Mr. Carter admits that "our economic position in Latin America" seems sound, but calls attention to "qualitative considerations" too frequently lost sight of. Foremost among these are the average citizen's unawareness of Latin America, and the abundant criticism of the "Yankee attitude." The article is the third in a series which Mr. Carter is devoting to an outline of world economic problems which have followed the war.—The Editors.

YOU can prove anything and nothing by statistics, particularly south of the Rio Grande. The American republics vary in size from the diminutive Salvador to the gargantuan Brazil, in culture from primitive Haitian black to the Mexican intellectual, in political life from a Nicaragua which is just emerging from a period of civil wars to stable Argentina whose constitutional history is more orderly than our own, in commercial importance from the "banana" states to the tremendous markets of Brazil and Argentina.

There are many who see the entire western hemisphere as our economic heritage. These fail to realize that from the northeastern tip of Brazil southward, South America is actually closer to Europe than to the United States, in terms of marine transport. Our economic advantage lies in our proximity to the American tropics, in our mass production, in our purchases of their products and in our close relations to the west coast of South America. We purchase over two-thirds of the exports of the countries bordering on the Caribbean, including Mexico, Colombia and Venezuela. For the balance of South America, our purchases amount to but a fourth of the total exports. Even here, distinctions must be made. Nearly one-half of Brazilian and Chilean exports go to the United States, two-fifths of Ecuador's and more than a quarter of Peru's. Argentina is the only major South American country which purchases from us more than she sells us.

Economically, it would appear that our position in Latin America is unassailable. That is the trouble with statistics. They omit qualitative considerations. Our trade with the South cannot be divorced from military, political and financial qualifications. And in Argentina we find what we have long lacked in the western hemisphere: an economic counterpoise and a moral critic. It is not enough to say that criticism of the United States in Latin America is unfair, inept or misinformed. All international criticism is that. The important element is not the character but the occasion for such criticism.

South American criticism of North American policies is a growing element in our balance of trade. It is true that we buy the bulk of the Cuban sugar crop, of the Brazilian coffee crop, of Chilean nitrates and copper, of Central American bananas, of Colombian, Mexican and Venezuelan oil. But where these purchases are the direct consequence of our prior investments it is easy for the South American to regard "favorable" trade balances as a meretricious method of bookkeeping. It is true that our past interventions in the Caribbean and Central American republics have aimed to restore orderly and prosperous conditions in those regions and have not led to permanent occupations or alienations of sovereignty. But where these interventions clearly involve the consideration of defending the Panama Canal, forestalling non-American encroachments or protecting our trade routes it is difficult for the South American to praise us for our altruism or to attribute divine right to the special service squadron. And where the objects of American policy have seemed to be "to shoot men into self-government" as Page phrased it, or, as in Haiti, to teach black Catholic peasants to conduct themselves politically like white Protestant Ford owners, it is doubly difficult for the South American to feel that we are not interfering with the domestic institutions of our neighbors.

Simply to state these divergencies is to summarize their cause. We are predominantly a Protestant, Anglo-Saxon, self-governing democracy. The other American republics, with important qualifications, can be described as predominantly Catholic, Latin and authoritarian states. We have a strong color-complex. Our neighbors are more egalitarian and cheerfully admit of strong admixtures of Negro and Indian blood. We have had only two revolutions in 150 years, the revolt against England and the Civil War. Latin-American revolutions have been generally less sanguinary but more frequent than these two upheavals. We share the Anglo-Saxon's curious distaste for other languages and other civilizations. Our neighbors are more generally bilingual and their civilization is more deliberately selective. We stand separated from them by a racial, cultural, religious, linguistic abyss, which we think we have bridged by some fat trade statistics.

This is not so. Our economic chain to Latin America can be no stronger than its weakest link and that link is, at present, good-will (the term is used in a purely commercial sense). Unless we can consider and answer the peculiar problems which we are confronting in the Argentine republic our economic position vis-à-vis Latin America must be regarded as decidedly unstable.

In Argentina we confront a perfect market, economically speaking. It is a wealthy market, representing an energetic people and a stable government. We

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sell to the Argentine close to $200,000,000 worth of merchandise a year. We buy from them about $75,000,000 a year. The trade balance is thus overwhelmingly in our favor. We buy 10 percent of their exports, they buy less than 4 percent of ours. Yet our exports to the Argentine amount to a quarter of their imports, while their exports to us are less than 3 percent of our total imports. We dispose of about a fifth of Argentine's total trade, but it amounts to less than a twenty-fifth of our own trade. Moreover, they produce many of the same things which we produce, and in abundance—wheat, corn, linseed, cotton, wool, hides and skins, beef, mutton, pork and petroleum. When we raise our agricultural tariff rates to help our farmers we affect the Argentine farmer. At the same time, we sell them lumber, cotton yarn, automobiles, trucks, agricultural machinery and petroleum products, commodities which do not perceptibly compete with their domestic producers. Furthermore, the big American packers have a commanding position in the Argentine meat export trade, and much American capital is profitably invested in utilities and other enterprises. From the cold economic point of view we could scarcely be in a better position—they require our goods, we do not need theirs. They need capital, we have it. Q. E. D.

Actually, the matter is complicated by the British. They buy far more from the Argentine than they sell. In effect, they buy enough wheat and meat at Buenos Aires to enable the Argentinians to purchase our automobiles. The result is that with British trade still hard hit by the war and needing markets, a definite effort to capture the American share of the Argentine trade recommends itself in the united kingdom. Two-thirds of the Argentine railways are British owned. The tendency is now for such railway companies to exclude foreign (meaning American) capital from obtaining control. This will insure the flow of orders for British rails and British rolling stock. An economic mission headed by a veteran British diplomat visited the Argentine last year and secured preferential contracts and trade arrangements looking to a reciprocal trade on the "buy where you sell basis"—a basis which would be very disturbing should the British see us apply it to Chile and Brazil. This year a British trade fair is to be staged in Buenos Aires to stimulate lagging British trade. All this, it should be noted, is a very definite attempt to capitalize the cordial Anglo-Argentine political relations for the benefit of British trade and to the possible injury of American trade.

The Argentine instance is instructive because it points the way to a possibility of capitalizing racial and cultural relationships between Latin America and Latin Europe to the detriment of our present economic position. France, which is now the premium steel exporter of the world and which aspires to the leadership of an economically united Europe; Italy, with surplus labor and great economic ambitions; Spain, which has laid the foundation for a new era of economic expansion; and Germany, now devoid of political ambitions in South America and with some of the shrewdest industrial and technical brains in the world, are alike in a position to profit commercially by the exploitation of antipathies between the Americas.

It is this consideration which lends economic weight to such incidents as the Sacco-Vanzetti furore in Latin America, to the outbursts over Haiti and Nicaragua, to the recurrent denunciations of the Monroe Doctrine and Yankee imperialism and to the charges of hypocrisy, crass materialism and quintessential selfishness which come and go with the seasons.

We must find some way to meet this criticism and the worst of refutations would be an attempt to answer it. In the long run, we will be judged by our conduct rather than by our qualities, good, bad or indifferent. Just as the test of the Monroe Doctrine has been the freedom of this hemisphere from partitions such as have pegged out Africa, so the test of our Caribbean policy will be our political disinterestedness and our living up to our word. So too the working out of "the American experiment" will be the test of our "crass materialism" and our national "hypocrisy."

These all lie with the fates, they do not remove the underlying alienation. We may be as good as gold, but if we are alien in racial spirit and in civilization from our neighbors, we will simply prolong a misunderstanding. The real fault in our relations with the other American nations lies with ourselves, in our provincialism, our prejudices and our indifference. We are scarcely conscious that the Latin-American nations exist. To begin with, when we think of them at all, we think of them as Latin Americans, not as Mexicans, Brazilians, Cubans, Argentinians and so forth. And yet we felt affronted when the British regarded us as an inferior sort of colonials. We know next to nothing of our neighbors, of their history, their literature, their exceedingly interesting political, economic and social experiments, their traditions, their problems or their tastes. The heritage of the Texas frontier taints the better part of the hemisphere with the epithets of "greaser" and "gringo." When we do condescend to notice them, we send a Seabrook to extol the "spiritual beauties" of voodoo orgies in Haiti, a Richard Halliburton to jump into the sacred pool of Yucatan, a Blair Niles to adopt the French penal colony of Devil's Island, and we send out an annual contingent of cheap drummers, Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingfords and gay ladies to swell the "American colonies" south of Key West. We have shown only too little interest in the artistic and scientific achievements of races whose genius has never resided in trade or in our particular brand of self-government and we judge them by standards which are utterly alien to them and by individuals who are utterly unrepresentative of their ideals.

The key to stable economic friendship with our southern neighbors lies in this delicate matter of inter-

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national psychology. If we, as a nation, show neither sympathy for nor interest in the other Americans, we cannot expect to hold them as political associates or commercial customers except through the brute strength of heavy loans, mass-production and geographical proximity. As it happens, these are the very factors, so soothing to our statisticians, which are so disturbing to the Latin-American recipients of our economic attentions. While the work of Pan-American synthesis is a task for generations, we can at least make a beginning. For us, as individuals, that beginning must be at least to recognize that other American republics exist. If not, we shall eventually find an answer in the trade returns, which will be as comforting to our competitors as it will be disturbing to our undiscriminating statisticians.

The test of our ability to remain on cordial economic terms with the southern republics exists today in Argentina, where a normal triangular trade development has been allowed to distort feeling in the united kingdom and the Argentine republic out of relation to economic facts. When a passing economic incident such as our revision of the tariff can create a disturbance in our economic relations with the most progressive of the South American nations, our hold upon the markets of the South must be regarded as more a matter of luck than of ability. And even if the best competitive efforts of the British and the racial ambitions of a virile young nation are insufficient to hinder our economic progress in the Argentine, we could do far worse than admit that Argentina exists. The next time we may not be so lucky.

PILGRIMAGE TO VEZELAY

By CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN

HARDLY known to this present world, Vézelay is the prophetic city, set on a hill, that cannot be hidden from pilgrims. The forgotten village that was once a great city focuses the ravines feeding its own valley of the Cure; it answers every height. The castle above Domecy looks to it northward over the ruins of Pierre Perthuis: from purple field to green, from silver wheat to gold, from vines to deep woods, over hill to higher hill and highest. So Montmarte and Montjoie look to it westward, and eastward the heights above Châtel Censoir. Ignorant of these proud forgotten names, the pilgrim questing southward today up the valley of the Cure finds his own answer in the long nave against the sky. He begins to know what he divined as he followed the exile of Thomas of Canterbury from the cathedral of Sens to the chapel of Pontigny, or as he questioned the dim frescoes in the ancient crypt of Auxerre. He will go on after Becket to Vézelay; for here is the way of the pilgrims, and there on high is their goal.

Above all a nave, the Vézelay church of the Magdalen was built at the opening of the twelfth century for long processions and great congregations. As it draws the eye from afar, it guides the mind. It is a focus of mediaeval history. But below the sharp skyline of the nave the dwindling pile of house-walls and gables, the crumbling ramparts and towers, the poor remains of the abbey, are dim and mellow. Even houses built of stone upon the rock have loosened as their families dispersed and faded, as the fairs asked less merchandise and less. The useless fortifications of the fourteenth century crack and lapse down the steep, stone by stone. Ogives of substructure have long been relieved of their load; tunnels and galleries against old sieges lead to forgotten posterns choked with rubbish and brambles. Life, why does it still stir above, basking on sunny terraces, looking from ancient windows on change after change? It is not mere rustic survival, the French roots in the soil. Immemorial farms still, indeed, center here in simple shops and little fairs; immemorial woods still send their great trunks; but what summons from afar is the church of the Magdalen. Vézelay is a city of pilgrimage. Not the great church crowning the steep of Orvieto, not near Pontigny, shrine of Saint Edmé, refuge of Langton and Becket, has had such power to draw. In spite of critical question within the Church, of war, iconoclasm and theft from without, Vézelay after 900 years is yet the city of the Magdalen.

Its hill country of wine and wheat is even more a country of woods. The map is dotted with the names of feudal forests and intricate with wood roads. Even the highways have long solitary stretches through the trees. No countryside is more typical of the French cherishing of trees; and none more beckons those who love to walk. Among the forests are villages, even towns, with forgotten names. Châtel Censoir, whose lord took the cross from Saint Bernard at Vézelay, has kept that older architecture which gives its little nave a prospect both up to the high altar and down to the tomb of the ancient martyrs. Vézelay is the great boss on the shield stretching eastward from Clamecy to Avallon, southward from Auxerre up to the mountains of the Morvan. It is in that borderland of Burgundy which touches ancient Gaul and the caves before history, keeps the shadows of Roman roads and camps, and has not yet relinquished all its epic lore of the Carolingians.

Dijon, its metropolis in later centuries, having no direct road across the hills, sends its pilgrims first up the highway or the railway to the junction at Les Laumes. There on legendary Mount Auxois is the statue of Vercingetorix. Northeast of it, behind the Roman road, hardly touched by time in its hidden

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valley, stands the abbey of Fontenay. The westward way leads to the high cluster of Sémur, crosses the plateau past Montréal to Avallon, and winds down a gorge to the valley of the Cure. There also, at Sermizelles, pilgrims from Paris leave train for road. From the Seine and the Yonne they have come to the Cure by the old route of the valleys. Between the lines of the railway fork to Autun and to Nevers, as if remembering its historic difficulties with both, Vézelay has no station. Now, in these motor days, it is past needing one. For though modern traffic can go around its hill, the main road up over it has become a route nationale. But those who still use their legs may leave this at Asquins, pause a moment on the bridge over the Cure, and moving them a jog westward, take the old road straight up the flank of the hill. Thus they follow countless footsteps past an iron cross and a stone asking prayers for the faithful departed, past the great wooden cross on the slope where Saint Bernard preached crusade, up and up under the ramparts to a fine fortified gate. There, before following the avenue of trees to the inn, they will turn to look back northward through the lovely vista of the valley along the pilgrim way.

The street mounting to the church of the Magdalen is a walk through the Renaissance back to the Middle Age. The sixteenth-century House of the Dove has a Gothic hall below. A pretty Renaissance stair-tower, similarly founded, looks over the way to a plain house quietly inscribed MCCCLII. Just this side of the square a tablet in the wall marks the legendary lodging of Saint Bernard and his crusading king. Many other houses rebuilt above of old stones are older and older below. Architecture reveals history in layers, or old arches break through modern plaster. Otherwise, as many another French street, this one presents a rather blank face. Expression opens the other way, windows and courts looking over terraced gardens above the ramparts up and down the valley. But what they see is opened wide to the traveler from the terrace around the apse. Under the steep the graceful Gothic spire of Saint Père beckons up the valley to the gorge of Pierre Perthuis. This broader stretch is legendary Vaubeton, field of the epic battle between King Charles and that Count Girard who in the ninth century endowed the monastery of Vézelay. The opposite hills toward Avallon rise roundly and smoothly with vineyard and field, wood and castle.

What one can leave the far prospect soon, or lift his heart in vain when he turns within? No church offers a surer vista. The eye is led calmly from Romanesque pier to pier to the commanding light of the Gothic apse. When the sacristan has opened the reverberating doors of the narthex, the nave at its full length catches the breath. What processions demanded this scope? Even a village festival today moving from the high altar to the west portal reveals the mediaeval constructive imagination. The genius of the sculptured capitals cannot yet hold attention. First, says the church of the Magdalen, behold a shrine of communal devotion, the tabernacle of God with men.

The pilgrim church grew from the chapel of a monastery. Holding directly from the Holy See, the monks so dominated their situation as to thwart feudal control. A bishop of Autun put the pilgrimage under interdict; he was overruled and rebuked by the Pope. The Count of Nevers could harass, but never prevail, even when he abetted the insurrection that sought to make the city a commune. Throughout its mediaeval history Vézelay remained an abbey and its dependencies. Yet the great church that it conceived and built at the opening of the twelfth century made the abbey subsidiary. The appeal of the Magdalen to pilgrims gave the monks a special ministry to the world. Saint Bernard found their ornament elaborate and wayward. The art of Vézelay is not the monastic harmony of Pontigny or Fontenay. Its earlier architecture, still experimental, asked more light, more height, than had been yielded by the Romanesque tradition. Daring further, architects found a better structural solution in the pilgrim narthex; sculptors pushed the art of the capitals from symbolism and other pattern into lines of action. Until the thirteenth century, when they added an apse in the new Gothic, the monks had made shift with a comparatively small choir. While the Cistercian reformers had moved farther from the world, Vézelay had been turning its monastery chapel into a pilgrim church.

As a monastery, therefore, Vézelay was in constant danger of too much business. The fortune that began for a mediaeval city in the mere lodging of pilgrims was extended in fairs. Pilgrims were the typical audiences of the chansons de geste; and the fine epic Girard de Roussillon took for its hero that Carolingian count who had endowed Vézelay. In these aspects pilgrimage, which is both ancient and modern, is characteristically mediaeval, the vivid focus of mediaeval life. What Chaucer revealed of the way to Canterbury in the late fourteenth century had begun at Vézelay in the eleventh. In the twelfth it had made the city of the Magdalen one of the great centres of Christendom. Thither came kings and even Popes. Not Saint Michael's Mount was such a beacon. If Saint Bernard rebuked the architectural ornament designed rather for pilgrims than for monks, he came nevertheless in 1146 to preach the second crusade, great preacher of the Middle Age at one of its great moments. No other mediaeval concourse is more dramatically central. Becket, ascetic too, chose Pontigny for his retreat; but to fulminate against his king he came to Vézelay, and soon his martyrdom made of Canterbury another pilgrim city.

The faith animating mediaeval pilgrimages was in the value of enhancing personal contacts with saints. A saint's personal efficiency, prolonged beyond his earthly life, was enhanced by personal association with his physical ambience: the place of his abode, the things that he had used, the mortal tabernacle of his immor-

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tality. Vision, this faith knew further, has not only its times, but its places. It is more than subjective; it is not only my exaltation, but God's gift. Thus the Transfiguration is more than the mood of the three apostles; and the transcending of their grasp is what firmly fixed their faith. "It is good for us," says this abiding faith, "to be here."

A pilgrimage to Canterbury enhanced the realization of a martyrdom by gazing on the very scene; but it sought more. Through the martyr it sought divine friendship. Chaucer's summary is the common formula: "the holy blisful martir for to seke that hem hath holpen." He helped them by his prayers without their going to his violated altar and his tomb; but his help led them to seek his fellowship. They added themselves to his congregation of the faithful. This is the inner meaning of Chaucer's "to Canterbury with ful devout corage." The devout heart knew its friends among the saints from long habit and homely familiarity. Invocation was not exceptional recourse to a vague influence; it was habitual turning to a friend. The saints appear at every turn. They are patrons of guilds, guides of travelers, inspirers of fine arts and of common affairs. Daily life was full of saints; and pilgrimage sprang naturally from this familiarity. A more immediate impulse might be gratitude. A knight captive in chains beyond hope of ransom daily begged intercession of the Magdalen. His chains fell away; his captor dismissed him in peace; and he himself went on foot to Vézelay, to hang the chains before her shrine in token of dedication. One of the earliest records of her intercession, this is typically mediaeval. Pilgrims went to shrines not only to be delivered, but because they had been delivered. To kneel with one's candle at the shrine was both to implore and to enlist.

Besides the pilgrimages for which its church was built, Vézelay in latter years has called from their various worlds a file of painters, scholars, soldiers, students from the ends of the earth. An American won his place in the salon with an etching of the façade. Young women from the Ecole Normale de Sèvres swarm the church and the street on an expedition into French history. On his own Pacific mountain an astronomer remembers this mountain of vision. Not pilgrims, these most various visitors are not tourists; and Vézelay has given them more than they sought. An undersecretary of finance, on vacation at Corpus Christi, watched the children in festival frocks going up with their baskets of rose petals. "Since I belong," said he, "to an anticlerical ministry, I will march in this procession." As we all marched down the pilgrim nave and the pilgrim street, singing the great hymns of Aquinas, we felt together; and our diverse histories opened toward that divine continuity announced by the Magdalen and held by the communion of the saints.

The Vézelay pilgrimage has withstood more vicissitudes, perhaps, than have beset any other shrine. It survived the later vogue of the Magdalen cult in the Provence, even the dwindling and final extinction of the Vézelay abbey. The relic was not only burnt by the Huguenots; it was discredited 300 years later by the Sulpitian Faillon, historian of the Provençal cult. Thereupon, in 1876, the archbishop of Sens brought back to Vézelay that part of it which had been given to his cathedral 600 years before, and solemnly reestablished the pilgrimage. In 1893 the eminent historian of the early Church, Monseigneur Duchesne, denouncing the Provençal relic, found that the Magdalen legend had come from Vézelay. In 1898 the restored relic was stolen, abandoned, recovered, reauthenticated by due process of civil law, and reëstablished by the Church. The bare summary is startling—as if nothing could keep the Magdalen from Vézelay.

Yet the saint who was to make Vézelay historic had not emerged when the monastery was founded in the ninth century. Though July 22 was marked in the martyrologies as the day of her death, the Magdalen had no feast. The Vézelay Benedictines treasured her relic among the others with which the Count Girard had endowed them; but they did not put her forward as a patron saint until the eleventh century. The intervening development of her cult had begun in the identifying of the penitent who anointed the Christ with the woman out of whom he cast seven devils and with the sister of Martha and Lazarus. For the western Church this was one and the same Mary, the devoted servant of her Lord's human body. Thus focused, the most picturesque of gospel narratives opened the gates of both thought and emotion to the kingdom of heaven. The poetry of the Magdalen's personal giving became intimately associated with the procession of palms, the institution of the great sacrament, the cross, the tomb, the resurrection—with every stage of the Passion. "She hath loved much." After loving little, impulsively, passionately, and amiss, she became the type of utter devotion. "What she had, she hath done." Thus knowing her Lord, she is the harbinger of His continued human presence. Anointing, entombment, personal message of the Resurrection—all these recur in sculpture, glass, and hymn throughout mediaeval imagery. "Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which she hath done shall be told for a memorial of her."

Legend combined less readily with this unified conception of the devoted penitent that other prophecy arising from her sitting at the Lord's feet while her sister was oppressed with household cares. "Mary hath chosen the best part which shall not be taken away from her." The best part was interpreted by the Middle Age as the monastic way of perfection; or Martha and Mary were contrasted as types of the active life and the contemplative. This aspect of Mary seems to have developed separately. Having received little stress in the time of the great throngs at Vézelay, it became dominant later in the Provençal cult. The legend of the contemplative hermit of the Provence, of her supernatural nourishment, and of the elevations by angels figured in the grandiose reredos of the Paris

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Madeleine, has a fragrance different from that of her precious ointment. The addition of it to the lives of the Magdalen may even be felt to break the sequence of characterization. At least this Provençal Magdalen is not quite harmonized with the prevalent imagery. Anointing, watch by cross and tomb, "touch me not—yet," "go tell the apostles"—all these scenes are not only more popular and more poignant; they are also insistently unified. The commonest statue of the Magdalen, that of Vézelay, is a gracious woman holding the vase that symbolizes her characteristic devotion.

The growth of her characterization and of her cult may be followed from century to century in the hymns. The earlier hymns speak of the faithful women at the cross and at the tomb without even naming the Magdalen. Even in the ninth century an Easter hymn by Rabanus Maurus gives but one line to her recognition of the risen Lord's voice; a Palm Sunday processional, one stanza to her anointing. In the tenth and eleventh centuries she is brought into personal prominence by the development of antiphonal sequences in the liturgy. In the sequences for Easter her meeting with the angels, with the Lord in the garden, with the apostles, is rendered in dialogue.

> Speak, Mary. Thou sawest
> Aught in thy watch to guide us?
>
> I saw the tomb of the living,
> The glory of Christ arising and giving,
> The angels who guarded
> The grave-clothes discarded.
> He rose, my hope; He came to me.
> He goeth before you to Galilee.

The Magdalen's devotion becomes personally distinct; and poetry will go on to bring her personality home.

In the eleventh century July 22 became her feast; and the liturgical additions proper to its observance advanced the characterization. Hermann, the scholar cripple of Reichenau, wrote for it a sequence that is one of the triumphs of mediaeval poetry, "Rise, chorus of heavenly harpers." Passing from the alleluias of saints to the deliverance of Mary from her seven devils, he expands on the spirits of evil in the imagery seized afterward by the sculptors of Vézelay. She passed, he says, through the slippery haunts of Babylon, rejoicing in proscribed oriental cult and pagan school, where lurk demons, where centaurs and winged dragons sport with monstrous birds, and sirens raise lugubrious antiphons. Satyrs dance while a lamia suckles her whelps, and ibis and raven croak discords. Hisses the basilisk, and the horned toad is lord. From such a reign of horror was Mary delivered. The powerful devils, the nightmare beasts and birds of the Vézelay capitals are so like Hermann's embodiment of evil dreams that poetry and sculpture together constitute the best of initiations into the mediaeval visions of sin as perversion. The sequence goes on to a contrasted vision of the heavenly Jerusalem. Thus embodied, temptation and sin, redemption and glory, while they make theology live in personal experience, in turn enhance the characterization of the Magdalen. The office hymns for the new feast, shorter and simpler, present her always as the great penitent, usually with some reference to the scene of the anointing. Often she is also the devoted minister and the harbinger of the Resurrection. The contemplative hermit is much rarer and generally later. In a word, the popular appeal of the Magdalen, latent in the gospels, was brought out by the dramatic dialogue of the Easter sequences, and carried forward in the hymns for her own feast. The poetry of the Church made the great penitent more and more personally distinct as the devoted servant of her Lord's human body. In learning from Easter how to realize personally the harbinger of the Resurrection it opened a way toward Corpus Christi; and it revealed the communion of the saints as a progressive personal experience.

The special devotion to the Magdalen spreading in the eleventh century centered at Vézelay. This is clearly implied in those earlier legends of deliverance from chains on invocation of her help. Wherever their homes, wherever the places of their deliverance, the captives pay their vows there. That Vézelay was the centre of the Magdalen cult in the twelfth century is indubitable. How had the relic come? History has yielded little evidence; legend is not always consistent. Duchesne has been answered at length by Sicard; and Pissier, latest historian of the Vézelay cult, has reconciled north and south. While the Church has thus continued to explore history, literary criticism has sought to derive the Vézelay pilgrimage from the imagination of monks promoting their abbey. What evidence is there of this promotion? If there is none beyond the accounts of the bringing of the relic, the argument runs in a circle. Must the impulse have arisen from the situation of Vézelay on one of the minor pilgrimage routes to Compostella? Hardly, when Vézelay was rather a goal than a stage. Would these Benedictines give themselves to fiction for the sake of capturing a trade that they seem to have had already? Finally, why should they have selected the Magdalen? Because her legend was popular? But we do not yet know whether the Vézelay devotion was a result of that popularity or a cause. No, the hypothesis that the Magdalen relic at Vézelay was a literary invention is at best insufficient, at worst a glib and impatient avoidance of a gap in the documentary evidence for a tenacious tradition. That gap is yet to be bridged by further study not only of documents and legend, but of hymns and imagery. Research cannot enhance a hill of dreams; but it can define the significance of a mountain of vision.

The later history of Vézelay has another significance. The Hundred Years' War, appalling title of a chapter in handy manuals, showed feudalism disintegrating. Mediaeval loyalties were dislocated by gentleman brigands, and sapped by political theory. The pride of the great dukes of Burgundy in Vézelay, the continu-

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ance of papal sanction, could hardly suffice. What the old shrines were facing in the sixteenth century was discerned by Sir Thomas More as the tragic fading of the mediaeval vision of unity. The walls of Vézelay have not merely crumbled; they were broken. But before the Huguenots broke the sculpture of the portal and rifled the shrine, the monastery, in spite of the continuance of the pilgrimage, had been secularized. The seventeenth century, culmination of humanism, had the complacency to rewrite the mediaeval hymns. Were the voices of the saints dulled? At least they were not heard when the eighteenth century talked of Gothic night, and the manufactured cult of the Goddess of Reason opened the Age of Reason. Forgotten saints, as well as breached ramparts and violated church, bespeak broken currents of faith.

Meantime all expressions of the Middle Age, sculpture and glass, poetry and record, above all architecture and ornament, have been widely recovered and even reconstituted. Mediaeval history, known as never before in detail, may be more widely and surely interpreted. In what is historical we may read more confidently what is historic. Reconstitution today, whether by excavation, measurement, comparative scrutiny, or by paleography, has achieved scientific method. It would have guided and stayed the rash hand of Viollet le Duc at Vézelay. His restoration would have been truer. He would not have dared to prop the Romanesque walls of the great nave with Gothic buttresses. But what further? Having learned to restore walls as they were, not as some enthusiast wishes that they had been, shall our mediaeval revival always remain stultifyingly content with the sentimental archaism of the pre-Raphaelites?

Our United States are already dotted with mediaeval buildings dedicated to purposes unmediaeval or even antimediaeval, as if beauty of expression were separable from function. From the patterns of those who despised the Middle Age we have turned back to mediaeval patterns. Patterns of what? Those who dream in the church of the Magdalen as over dead symbols have their reward; but they remain tourists. Vézelay, they are stimulated to realize, meant this and this; but what does it mean? The restored fabric might suffice for instruction as well as for imaginative expansion; the restored relic and pilgrimage ask a truer realization of mediaeval poetry. If Vézelay is more than a noble archaism, is it less than a vision?

MR. BORAH TURNS PRACTICAL

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

"HE WINDS himself up but he never strikes twelve" were the words used a few years ago by a distinguished Washington correspondent to describe the Honorable William E. Borah, senior senator from Idaho.

It was rather an apt description at the time it was written, and for several years thereafter, but it would need drastic revision to be applicable today.

Borah's emergence as a practical, hard-headed political strategist is the current wonder of the national capital. As one of the leaders of the Democratic-Insurgent coalition which has wrested control of the Senate from the Republican Old Guard he has shown qualities which neither his friends nor his enemies had ever suspected him of possessing. Outstanding among them is the demonstration that Borah is capable of sustained coöperation with other senators, including many whose viewpoints and interests differ widely from his own. This is something new in his senatorial career. Perhaps it will be suggested that he manifested considerable staying power in the battle against ratification of the Versailles treaty. It is true that he was consistent in his opposition to that treaty but in that battle he was working with the Republican senatorial machine, with a Republican majority in the Senate, and with a well-financed and highly efficient publicity campaign operating throughout the nation to discredit the League of Nations and the Wilson administration. Borah contributed much to the inspirational side of that controversy but the hard drudgery of lining up votes and keeping them lined up was attended to largely by others. He beat the big bass drum in front of recruiting headquarters while others, inside, signed up the recruits.

Things are different in the present battle over the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill. Borah made a few thunderous speeches at the outset of this engagement but as soon as he found that he had signed up enough recruits to rout the Old Guard, he threw away his drum and settled down to the dull monotony of keeping his forces drilled and contented. That was what surprised the Old Guard leaders, some of whom had predicted that if Borah ever found himself voting with a Senate majority he would change his position immediately. Their feeling is illustrated by a story told concerning a personage so highly placed politically that his name may not be mentioned without danger of the appointment of an investigating commission. This anonymous personage, then, was asked if Borah believed in the Bible.

"Of course not," the reply is said to have been. "He didn't write it."

It has been traditional in the Senate that Borah would never attend conferences. He simply would not be bothered with such drudgery. His plan of operation in years past was to stray into the Senate Chamber like a god wandering from Olympus, make a speech that would pack the galleries and fill the front pages,

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and then leave with a feeling that his job was done. Ever and anon he would introduce resolutions proposing to investigate some real or ostensible iniquity but he seldom took the trouble to bring his resolutions to a vote. There was one historic occasion when he put through a proposal to investigate the office of the Alien Property Custodian only to have it discovered later that he had neglected to insert any provision for the funds with which to carry on the inquiry.

But Borah attends conferences today. Several times a week he gathers his insurgent group about him and goes into private session on some complicated problem of strategy connected with the tariff bill. When such sessions are over it is to Borah that the newspapermen —and other senators—go for information as to what will happen in the Senate tomorrow. If Borah tells them his predictions are nearly always carried out.

Last June when Borah introduced his famous resolution proposing to restrict the present tariff revision to the agricultural schedule and directly related commodities, it was generally interpreted as nothing more than a grandstand play. Borah, it was said, was merely trying to alibi himself with those to whom he had made promises in the 1928 campaign that the Hoover administration would be most solicitous about the woes of the farmer. The resolution was rejected —by one vote—but out of it has grown the present triumphant coalition.

The reason the resolution did not pass was that Borah, as usual, was thinking several months or years ahead of most of his colleagues. He had sensed, what is now generally conceded to be a fact, that the nation is not interested in a general tariff revision. Had the Republican leaders permitted his resolution to pass, their industrial constituents would now have no fear of losing many of the tariff privileges which will be taken from them if the coalition's amendments are ultimately written into law. Moreover, had Borah's advice been followed, President Hoover would not now be facing the probability that he will have to choose between affixing his signature to a law taking away his own power to change tariff rates or becoming the first Republican President to veto a tariff bill passed by a Congress of his own party.

There are some in Washington who believe that Borah's willingness to drudge with the coalition is merely an outgrowth of his realization—perhaps subconscious—that by coöperation with others he can give freer rein to his passion for opposition. Others conceive that he visualizes the present coalition as the nucleus from which may develop a new political party embracing the agricultural regions of the West and South and held together by an economic liberalism opposed to the conservatism of the highly protected East. Such a party, it is suggested, might be casting about in 1932 for a candidate whose name is a national power. But Borah is too accurate as a political prophet to be suspected of giving serious attention to the latter hypothesis so far as the immediate future is concerned.

Whatever may be his reasons, there can be no doubt that Borah just now is having all of the opportunities to oppose things that anyone could want. Moreover he is able to indulge in the peculiar Borahesque pleasure of tearing down something which he was instrumental in building.

It is only a little more than a year since the senator from Idaho was roaring up and down the country campaigning for Herbert Hoover on the twin issues of prohibition and farm relief. And now, less than a year after the President was inaugurated, Borah has definitely broken with the White House on both of these issues. It was Borah more than anyone else who was responsible for the Senate's defiance of the White House on the export-debenture feature of the farm relief bill. It was Borah more than anyone else who forced the White House and the Wickersham Commission into the present prohibition tangle. Incidentally, it was Borah alone who induced President Hoover to promise an extra session of Congress, which turned out to be the session in which Borah precipitated the organization of the coalition which has shattered the administration's control of the Senate and threatens to shake its hold on the House.

Carrying the idea one step further it may be said that Borah, more than any other individual, contributed toward making Herbert Hoover President of the United States; and Borah, more than any other individual, has placed obstacles in the way of the President's reëlection in 1932.

When Borah finally reascends Olympus it might be appropriate to cannonize* him as the patron of political mischief-makers, for Washington will be a far duller place without him.

We do not know whether our correspondent spelled the word "cannonize" with the extra "n" which so aptly suggests Senator Borah's political alliance during the presidential campaign with a certain political bishop from Virginia, more generally associated with the dry laws than with purely ecclesiastical canons, but in any case we have decided to let the word stand as written.—The Editors.

Details for My Burial

As for the matter of my burial:
It follows hard the golden day I die;
There needs but a small grave where I may lie,
Cut in the snow's white peace I love so well,
Or sweetened with young rain—one cannot tell—
But always, always the great, solicitous sky;
The quick, close earth, and all that live thereby.
Dear God, how I desire the consecrate cell!

It holds divine reprieves, immortal pardons
Whereby my vagabond feet are stricken free;
My fingers busy here with mortal gardens
May plant and pluck to ultimate ecstasy;
Myself? A heavenly tramp in heavenly Ardens!
Remember, when you dig a grave for me.

SISTER M. MADELEVA.

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THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

WHO can forget, if he have read them, the lines in the Apologia which sum up Newman's remembrance of Oxford: "There used to be much snap-dragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even unto death in my university." And if the great school, which crusaders established and saints loved, has seen the prizes for investigation and philosophy go elsewhere, she retains her charm as the symbol of permanent wisdom coveted by this age as hotly as by any other. That Oxford's is no idle boast is proved once again by the poem which Robert Bridges has called The Testament of Beauty. It is, I think, an astonishing, well-nigh miraculous thing. A year ago we should all have said confidently that such an event was impossible. Even now one is half inclined to fancy that this neat book, bearing the imprint of the Oxford University Press, really enshrines some treasure recovered from the past.

The poem opens, like Langland's, with a vision from an upland path beneath which the poet's home lay "small as a faded thought." Yet this is not a dream about things but of nature and the life of man. Indeed, it is hardly a dream at all, but a scrutiny for the truth which can be discerned by reason:

> Wisdom will repudiate thee, if thou think to enquire
> WHY things are as they are or whence they came: thy task
> is first to learn WHAT IS, and in pursuant knowledge
> pure intellect will find pure pleasur and the only ground
> for a philosophy conformable to truth.

Is this not the poetic quintessence of our age? A man may well believe that the business of verse is, in every time, to hit upon the expressive gesture in which the curve of life is revealed. Chaucer's loving emphasis upon the "yonge sonne" and the Miller's wart was surely the divination of the new naturalism, in essence half-mystically Franciscan and half Greek, which was to characterize more than one century. Possibly it was the inevitable function of Romantic poetry to sound the explorer's note—that zest for the unknown, the not-yet-discovered, which had led throngs to Eldorados everywhere. At least it is this note one may hear in Shelley's eagerness to follow the "lodestar of my one desire," and in his happy exclamation: "No keel has ever ploughed that path before!"

Thus possibly it should be admitted regarding ourselves that a secret greatness lies in the industry with which we listen to the hum of science, not in order to glean sundry cheap recipes of emancipation, but to understand more clearly the nature of our souls. Mr. Bridges's poem is frankly an endeavor to reveal this greatness. It would throw the arch of a gleaming metaphysical bridge between the world of man and nature, holding that

> Man's mind, Nature's entrusted gem, her own mirror
> cannot be isolated from her other works
> by self-abstraction of its unique fecundity
> in the new realm of his transcendent life.

The concept of evolution is, therefore, the central image, but in it natural and supernatural blend into unity. More narrowly the theme is the reconciliation of animal and spirit in man, as suggested by Plato's figure of the charioteer reason driving the yoked horses of selfhood and breed.

As the natural universe awakens to consciousness of self, it likewise ascends to the life of reason. We may well believe, with science, that "all the dumb activities in atom or molecule" are primitive phenomena of selfhood, which, refined and nurtured, begets "its own restraint" in man. Intermediate is maternal affection, compelling the poet to say:

> Nor count I any scripture to be better inspired
> with eternal wisdom or by insight of man
> than the four words wherewith the sad penitent hymn
> calleth aloud on Mary standing neath the cross:
> EIA MATER, it saith, MATER FONS AMORIS.

Protection of the weak is the function by which masculine selfhood has rightly justified martial action; but where the animal truly ceases to be and man emerges, peace responds to hope and needs "no vindication." Similarly, it is true that breed is made more evident and beautiful as nature advances from the lowest types of life through animals whose "mutual attraction sometimes engages beauty" to man in whom "a constant conscient passion" is transformed by reason to "spiritual love."

All this the poet sums up for us in the following crisp lines which are, I think, the kernel of his reflective epic:

> Breed then together with Selfhood steppeth in pair,
> for as Self grew thru' Reason from animal rage
> to vice of war and gluttony, but meanwhile uprose
> thru' motherly yearning to a profounder affection,
> so Breed, from like degrading brutality at heart,
> distilleth in the altruism of spiritual love
> to be the sublimest passion of humanity,
> with parallel corruption; in its supremacy
> confess'd of all, since all in their degree hav felt
> its divine exaltation and bestial abasement.

The twin drifts of Self and Breed are seen, therefore, to impose a choice which is nevertheless not the whim of an individual but a "necessity" corporate in the law of the world.

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This necessity is, we are told, "pleasure" that cannot be distinguished from happiness. As man grows conscious of his "higher energies" the "quality and value of his pleasures will so change" that his joy, though a persistent animal note be discernible in it, "cometh by excellence to need a special term." And how shall one guarantee the rightness of this ideal pleasure? By the truth that all the world is adrift in a sea the omnipresent fringe of which is Divinity, revealed to us and sanctioned by the word of Christ. For the worship of Him is the means by which mankind has made glad escape from the "dilemma of pagan thought" which proposed that friendship between God and man is impossible "because of their unlimited disparity."

The Testament of Beauty is established upon Christ as firmly as Dante's Comedy itself. Not many passages in modern verse bear such high witness as this:

> HIS kingdom is God's kingdom, and his holy temple
> not in Athens or Rome but in the heart of man.
> They who understand not cannot forget, and they
> who keep not his commandment call him Master and
> Lord.
> He preach'd once to the herd, but now calleth the wise,
> and shall in his second Advent, that tarried long,
> be glorified by the Greeks that come to the feast.
> But the great Light shineth in great darkness, the seed
> that fell by the wayside hath been trodden under foot,
> that which fell on the Rock is nigh wither'd away;
> While louder and louder thru' the dazed head of the
> Sphinx
> the old lion's voice roareth o'er all the lands.

And the final diapasons of the epic, which it were profanation to quote, limn the outlines of that everlasting affection which Christians desire with a reverent insight in which many a soul is destined to seek relief from mortal thirst.

If these halting comments on the doctrine of Mr. Bridges's poem are not utterly worthless they will reveal at least some shadow of the large conceptions which dominate its every detail so well that no digression, no thought, no picture exists for its own sake. The thing has really been thought through, visualized thoroughly. It is, one may suppose, based largely upon what is the corporate intellectual position of Oxford today; and the religious outlook certainly seems allied to that of Bishop Gore. The Catholic will, therefore, not be completely satisfied with it. He will hold that Mr. Bridges's repudiation of the Thomistic emphasis upon original sin is a mistake, not compensated for by the ardent advocacy of Franciscanism. Yet when these matters have been duly weighed no one of us will fail to rejoice in the stature of this achievement, which towers far above the easy anathemas of the spirit which a hundred rhymsters have jotted down, to reach the clear air in which the radiance of Christ seems like the very light of the sun.

An achievement having stature, I have said. It would be wrong to leave the impression that this is merely a rhymed philosophy, with no more inspiration than a text-book. The strange, almost incredible thing about The Testament of Beauty is the circumstance that it is beautiful. One had supposed, for instance, that further experiment with the settled forms of English metre was impossible—that the alexandrine, which Spenser has introduced to close his stanza, would necessarily halt the flow of discourse. But here is an alexandrine having ceaseless vitality and elasticity, victorious over monotony in a way which renders even the open line of Keats's Hyperion seemingly lame. It is based upon a scrupulous study of both stress and quantity in English prosody—is indeed the final discovery of one whose examination of Milton contributed more than is generally realized to our knowledge of poetic measures. Long Latin words are balanced upon these hammock-like rhythms with a grace as unforgettable as the motion of swans. I am not far from thinking that such a triumph, capable of opening the door to the expression of the hitherto inexpressible, is destined to swing writing away from disjoined imagism to the settled flow of harmony.

But if The Testament of Beauty is definitely individual it is none the less a distillation of tradition. Name after name of poet and philosopher reappears in the company of utterances which wisdom cannot neglect. The moods of Plato, Dante, Saint Francis, Coventry Patmore and Chaucer accompany the artist's personal emotion—suggest even that the book is a conversation from which the monologue has been conserved. There are numerous landscapes, curiously etherialized, which seem like Constable merged in a silvery mist. And of course the multiplicity of scientific images called forth reminds us of the fruits of a study which, regardless of poetic inability to evaluate them, are now also a tradition. The poem of a scholar, you will say. Perhaps. But who shall say that the scholar is not the poet we have been waiting for, even as thirteen silent centuries yearned for Dante? Personally I have no hesitation in believing that The Testament of Beauty is destined to become an enduring testimonial to the faith and struggle of our time.

The Pilgrim

In the Cabal called Permanence may sit
A few who, when the conclave has adjourned,
Escape their own proscriptions, who outwit
The laws they wrote, the boundaries they learned.
If there be shadows which imply no sun,
Stars that can circle in a needle's eye,
He had believed such marvels, being one
Whose faith explored a more colossal sky.

The absolute confederacy of fact
Which binds a life together and makes whole
A man's perception of the world, he lacked,
Cast for another, less Socratic rôle.
He spiked no rainbow to its cloud, nor manned
Ships of mirage on desperate seas of sand.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

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ON MYTH

By HILAIRE BELLOC

ONE of the advantages of growing old is that one has assisted in person at two processes which are of the first importance in understanding history and the character of the state: the two are, the growth of myth and its opposite, the establishment of truth. Of truth I will write another time; I will begin here with myth.

I state that the observation of the world over, say, forty active years, from early manhood to the approach of sixty, gives one a fine panorama of myth; how a myth arises, how it is formed, hardens, becomes accepted, and passes at last into a sort of public dogma. There is the myth about people, the myth of theory, and the myth of event. And all three are discovered by experience to follow the same lines of development. After a certain number of years one has the plan of it in one's mind, as one might have the plan of development in a vegetable from seed to fruit. First of all comes a statement about a person, or an event, or a theory; about, for instance, the innocence or guilt of an accused person, the reality or falsehood of a particular event, and its character (such as the outbreak of a war or a diplomatic triumph or reverse); or a statement that such and such a theory truly solves a particular problem; as, for instance, the theory that a glorious (but imaginary) "nordic race" composed of people oddly like ourselves solves the problem "How did things get done?"

For a longer or a shorter period, usually a shorter one, the statement appeals to a small body of people. They are fervent, and they propagate it with all their power. Although the statement is false, they believe it to be true. It is hardly in human nature for the deliberate falsehood to be propagated with deliberate cunning and audacity by a great number of people in conspiracy, or for the evidence against it to be suppressed similarly. For the diabolical is rare, as holiness is.

The false statement, then, is believed by its affirmers, and the second stage begins with the attack upon it when it becomes more widely known. It shocks the common sense or the experience of average people, and is actively combated. Usually the nascent myth is killed in infancy by this process. It never takes root, and if it survives at all, it only survives in the despised fanaticism of a few.

But if there enter into the controversy side issues which have logically nothing to do with it, if the controversy arouses passions on matters which the reason should see to be quite distinct from the original statement, then at once the breeding soil for myth, the atmosphere favorable for its growth, has appeared. So that the next stage is the prodigious advance in strength and wide dispersion of the false statement; it is, so to speak, mobilized and armed, and does battle on a large scale.

Even at this state it may be killed by defeat as like as not. That is what happened, for instance, to the myth of the diamond necklace just before the Revolution. It was stated by the opponents of the queen of France that she was guilty of theft and falsehood, and that those ultimately condemned were innocent scapegoats, the victims of her malice. Two parties were formed; all the vast revolutionary tide and its enthusiasts favored the myth, the battle hung even for a matter of seventy years or more, but at the end of a hundred the myth had been destroyed, and the truth had taken its place in history. It was quite certain by the last third of the nineteenth century that the queen was innocent and all serious history accepted the fact. But fairly often the opposite happens. The enthusiasm supporting the untruth is too strong for its opponents. It conquers; the opposition dwindles; and at last these few who remain firm in their attachment to the truth remain unheard or, when they are heard, are treated as cranks. The myth is at its maturity, and may so endure firmly established for centuries.

Very often what turns the tide in favor of the falsehood is the decay of those interests or of that philosophy which was fighting for the truth, and the universal acceptation of that philosophy which was opposing it. For instance, patriotism will create a myth, which the international temper would destroy. In the increase of patriotism the myth becomes universal; and it may be noted that the length of human life has a good deal to do with this. When the first generation of combatants dies out it is usually only one of the two opposing sides which retains enough conviction or interest to maintain its position.

At long last the myth is exploded; sometimes not till many hundred years have passed. And when it is exploded, a very interesting discovery appears. Amid the wreck of the myth are to be found surviving unexpected fragments of truth.

The Donation of Constantine is a very good instance of this. It was accepted from about a thousand years ago to about four hundred years ago, and was still vigorously defended until three hundred years ago. Then historical learning destroyed it. For another two hundred years it was treated as merely ridiculous; at last, in our own time, patient research has shown that though it is a myth and false, it was founded on very valuable historical truths. I say I have myself had the time to observe the growth of quite a number of myths, and I admit that the process saddens me. It is not a happy thing to see the firm establishment of untruths, most of which are directly connected with the modern attacks upon religion. But there is a certain consolation in the comedy of the affair.

If a myth were started that in the eighties of the last century there had been a unicorn at the zoo, and if all my children's contemporaries believed it, it would sadden me to see so monstrous though innocuous a lie lording it over the modern mind. But I confess I should have a good deal of fun out of the hints they would drop that I had lost my memory, or that I belonged to a rank of society too humble even to go to the zoo, or that I was plainly lying through some religious bias. I have given no example of a true myth in our time still existant, because if I had it would have involved discussion, for which this is no place. But I can at least conclude with this: I have seen one very monstrous myth reach maturity in my own lifetime, and before my own eyes explode. That was the myth of natural selection. The enthusiasm which supported it and gave it the atmosphere in which to grow was no-Goddism. It was believed to get rid of the necessity for a Creator; and, though many who accepted it were innocent of such a motive, *that* was the driving power. Well, it has burst. And a great relief it is to be rid of its presence.

Lament

Alas! though you've been gone from me a short space only,
'Tis like a life of nights and days have passed away.
No place is pleasant to me now, I've grown that lonely,
There's not a one I care to see, a thing I care to say.

I'll go and seek you as you are among my memories,
I'll look upon your face again and take your hands in mine;
But O the comfort's little in things the like of these,
It's drinking simple water when I'm wanting sparkling wine.

HELENE MULLINS.

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COMMUNICATIONS

SEMINAR ON MEXICO

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The Annual Seminar in Mexico holds its fifth session in Mexico City July 5 to 25. The Seminar affords an opportunity to a group of representative citizens of the United States to study the life and culture of the Mexican people. During the past four years it has been attended by educators, journalists, clergymen (Jewish, Protestant and Catholic) lawyers and business men. The program includes lectures by the leaders of Mexican life, educational, artistic, governmental. Controversial questions are presented by spokesmen for opposing views.

The Seminar is planned as an objective study of the moving forces in Mexico, and is committed to no creedal, economic or political point of view. The critical discussion centers in the round-table groups which will be led this year by Professor J. Fred Rippy of Duke, Professor Chester Lloyd Jones of Wisconsin, Mr. Carleton Beals of Mexico, Dr. Ernest Gruening of Portland, Dr. John A. Lapp of Marquette, and Mr. Paul U. Kellogg of the Survey.

The members of the Seminar are given the opportunity to visit typical schools, villages and archeological monuments. Trips to outlying sections of Mexico are arranged for those who can remain for an additional week or two. The Seminar is a coöperative, non-profit undertaking.

The Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, will be glad to hear from persons who are interested in international relations, and whose professional or business connections give them an opportunity to influence public opinion.

HUBERT C. HERRING.

OUR NEED OF A DAILY PRESS

Wilmington, Del.

TO the Editor:—The Commonweal for January 1, has a communication by Reverend George W. O'Toole on Our Need of a Daily Press. This article should arrest the attention, and elicit the coöperation of all who are sincerely committed to what Pius X called an "offensive and defensive weapon," a "loyal Catholic press." Now that Catholic Press Month is upon us, any discussion of a Catholic daily would help to clarify the Catholic position on this vital point.

Father O'Toole holds that were the Catholic daily to do no more than teach our Catholic people to think correctly, to inject Catholic principles into everyday life, its justification would be established.

Having spent millions on magnificent churches, hospitals, seminaries and educational institutions, we are gradually emerging from the brick-and-mortar stage of development into a higher degree of progression. It is time that we begin to regard the intellectual forms of Catholic culture with which a well-educated Catholic should identify himself: the literary forms.

The support of a Catholic daily depends upon the sympathetic attitude of the clergy and the laity toward Catholic action as interpreted by the Catholic press. One thing is certain, the Catholic daily must grow in service and in power, or it must cease to exist. According to the new Catholic dictionary our only Catholic daily has a subscription list of 18,022. What is that among 20,000,000 Catholics?

It is the business of the school and the college to teach students how to correlate the curriculum subjects with the reading of Catholic newspapers and magazines, thereby helping them to form sound opinions, and to answer attacks against Catholic doctrine as they appear in books and periodicals. All this raillery at the laity for their apathy toward Catholic journalism is wide of the mark.

When our schools, colleges and universities devote one-half of the time now spent in developing physical athletes, to training for mental culture, our future home-makers will have so exercised their instinct for things Catholic, that the Catholic daily will be regarded as a necessity, rather than as a luxury. Then, too, it would seem that great diocesan dailies have far more to recommend them to the intelligent than the multitude of local journals.

Possibly, Father O'Toole does not know of our Catholic daily. Only recently two appreciative subscribers contributed $500 and $50 respectively to what they called the noblest of causes: the Catholic Daily Tribune.

One cannot help agreeing with our constructive critics that bankbooks and skyscrapers are responsible for our indifference to the Catholic press. The way of the Brownsons is hard.

If the Catholic press is recognized as an educational factor in Catholic life, why is it not represented as a department of the Catholic Educational Association?

SISTER M. AGATHA.

Convent Station, N. J.

TO the Editor:—I believe with the Reverend George W. O'Toole in the necessity of a Catholic daily paper. Catholics are unaware of Catholic undertakings and achievements unless, day by day, these are set before them in a publication which focuses upon Catholic interests.

Writers in the secular press, through fear of the criticism of an unsympathetic public, prevent this news from gaining prominence. A Catholic daily would be absolutely free from such restrictive fear.

HELEN D. MCHUGH.

DOM PERIGNON

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Whoever wrote the editorial on Dom Perignon in The Commonweal of February 5, made his description of the bubbling nectar so inebriating that it made me break into the following rhyme:

Toast to Dom Perignon

For the light of the sun and its warmth,
That he haloed with crystal brim,
We drink this diamond draught
As a toast of thanks to him
Who blessed the sparkling cup
That lifts our
Spirits
Up,
Up,
Up,
That lifts
Our spirits Up.

ANN ONIMUS.

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WHY THE KLAN?

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Senator Capper of Kansas and Representative Robinson of Kentucky have addressed a letter to their "fellow-countrymen" in which they ask them to call to the attention of their churches, lodges or societies the bill introduced in the Senate and the House by these gentlemen, which provides for the establishment of a national Department of Public Education with its secretary participating as a member of the President's Cabinet.

The bill is opposed by President Hoover, Secretary of the Interior Wilbur, Senator Borah, President Hibben of Princeton University, Bishop Candler of the Methodist Episcopal Church South and others of equal rank.

Those who receive this letter are asked in it to have petitions in favor of the bill signed, and to forward them to Washington to the Fellowship Forum, the organ of the Ku Klux Klan, so that they may be presented to Congress early in January.

Why did the Senator from Kansas and the Representative from Kentucky select the Klan as the medium through which to gather at least ten million of these signatures advocating the passage of the bill?

HOWARD W. TONER.

A MISSIONARY INFIRMARY

Pelham, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—My friend, Dr. Delaage, officer of the Legion of Honor and a distinguished surgeon of the world war, writes that the Pères du Saint Eprit missionaries at Libreville, Gabun, West Africa, are in great need of supplies for their infirmary.

These devoted souls are doing a wonderful work under Dr. Delaage's direction in combating sicknesses prevalent in the country. They do not ask money, but only what is necessary for their work.

All persons who are willing to help in any way may write to the bishop of Gabun, Libreville, West Africa, or to Dr. Delaage at the same address, for information as to the needs. Knowing Dr. Delaage's splendid record of humanitarian achievement, I am sure that the infirmary will make the most of what is given it.

ELIZABETH MCTEIGUE.

AMERICA AND THE AGED

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editor:—I have no intention of entering into the Hayes-Sherman controversy regarding old-age relief either as a combatant or peace-maker, but I wish to correct a misunderstanding regarding the attitude of the province of Quebec —referred to as "the largest Catholic group" in Mr. Sherman's letter—toward the Old Pensions Act, enacted in 1927 by the dominion government and made optional for the provinces.

Let me say first that this act has been opposed by more than the "largest Catholic group." It has met with some mild opposition from all the provinces, and up to the time of writing, it has not been adopted by all of them, even excluding Quebec.

However, the chief reason that this legislation is being opposed in the Catholic province is one having its origin in the Quebec Civil Code—as distinguished from the Common Law in force in the other provinces. In Quebec the old concept of the family still persists, not only as a tradition, but also formally, that is legally. From this it follows that the aged dependents are considered a burden, not on society at large, but on members of their family who are able to support them. Seemingly they are fairly well taken care of, thus the problem is more or less solved and the necessity for the dominion scheme is not so urgent.

In the other provinces, however, where the common law system is in effect, individualism is rampant, the integrity of the family is disrupted upon majority, and legally the son or daughter ceases to be responsible for the support of or amenable to the discipline of parents. Hence in these provinces the dominion legislation is urgently needed, although as I said above, it has not yet been adopted by all of them.

ANTHONY TRABOULSEE.

CONCLUSIVE OF SOMETHING

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Have you not overlooked the chance to comment on the announcement that Mr. R. H. Tate, a young English scientist, has discovered a method of overcoming gravity, using a metal "hitherto unknown, but in appearance much like aluminum"? Without waiting for Mr. Tate further to disclose his method, two other English experimenters objected that the discovery is nothing new, and in illuminating phrases declared that aluminum can be kept in the air by an alternating current field, the suspension being due to alternating repulsions and attractions of the current. And in America, Dr. Sergius P. Grace of the Bell Telephone Laboratories demonstrated that a super-magnetized bar of cobalt steel will float in the air more lightly than a feather if placed with its positive pole above that of a similar bar on the ground.

All this is interesting and, as old Hoosiers used to say, "conclusive of something." Of the various comments passed by scientists on Mr. Tate's announcement, I like best that of Dr. Grace, first because he refuses to say a derogatory word before the young Englishman discloses his principles, but chiefly because he is pleasant enough to admit "We do not know what gravity is."

JOSEPHINE A. H. CAMERON.

THE WEAPONS OF WAR

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Very little attention has been paid in the press to despatches from Berlin reporting that German chemists have made a gas capable of forming a cloud screen large enough and heavy enough to hide an entire countryside. There is reason in this indifference. If such a gas can be made, another can be found to dispel it. The modern machinery of war tends to neutralize itself. What else is to be gathered from the survey of recent British army maneuvers which taught military experts that tanks are no longer a menace and airplanes practically useless for observing closely settled country, but that cavalry is absolutely indispensable?

J. S. CLEGG.

LONG SKIRTS

Newark, N. J.

TO the Editor:—Not so long ago, when Pope Pius XI declared against the growing tendency toward indecency in feminine fashions, he was either ignored or denounced as a Puritan. Now, however, Dame Style decrees that women shall wear trailing skirts and she is quickly obeyed. Apparently, we shall have to concede the Pontiff a moral victory.

ELSIE A. GALIK.

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THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Rebound

THE first Arthur Hopkins-Hope Williams cycle rounds itself out with this play by Donald Ogden Stewart. In Paris Bound, written by Philip Barry, Madge Kennedy was the star, but for a secondary part Mr. Hopkins, the producer, imported direct from New York amateur dramatics Miss Hope Williams. She had comparatively little to do or say, but she did and said that much with such distinct individuality that critics and audiences were of one mind on the subject. A personality of importance had come to Broadway! Barry agreed so emphatically with this verdict, that he deliberately wrote his next play for Miss Williams. Holiday was the result—one of the richest little comedies of many a season. Hopkins was again the fortunate producer. And this time, by way of adding further amateur talent, Donald Ogden Stewart (in person) was inducted into the cast. He, in turn, was equally captivated by the Williams personality, and promptly turned playwright. Here you have the quite unusual story of the genesis of Rebound, and of the delightful association of Hopkins, Stewart and Williams. Things rarely happen so logically on modern Broadway.

Rebound caters a little more, in such matters as profanity and sophisticated wise-cracks, to the current Broadway idiom than Holiday. But it is essentially of one piece with that outstanding comedy in holding to a wise and occasionally disarmingly deep philosophy of human relations. It has wit, tenderness, simplicity, a pleasant understanding of the ways of those who can afford to telephone from New York to Paris, and an unexpected firmness in dealing with the squalls that beset the first year of marriage. It tells the story of two men who marry "on the rebound" from broken engagements and of a third man who fails to rebound. By way of an unusual turn for Broadway, at least one of the marriages turns out successfully. The broken-hearted lover remains broken hearted and unconsoled. It is a case of a little understanding going a long way—and that, I submit, seems mightily like fresh air!

Once more Don Stewart, as in Holiday, appears in the rôle of the happily married mentor who guides his sister-in-law through the channels of the first year. There were rumors, perhaps unfounded, that some of his scenes in Holiday were partly written by himself. At all events, many scenes in the present play have a distinct and not unwelcome resemblance to the tone and temper of Holiday—sequences of talk which are amusing chiefly because quite irrelevant, and a technique by which silent understanding is made to convey, as it should, much more than words. But of course a great deal of the similarity between the plays lies in the simple fact that both were written for Hope Williams, and to exploit the limited but very definite qualities which that young actress possesses.

There are, in fact, moments when one fears mightily that Miss Williams's range will break down completely. She always manages to plod doggedly through such dangerous passages and to swing triumphantly into the kind of scenes she does best. But she leaves you with the impression that her technique is not very solid. The main point is that you are more than ready to overlook such deficiencies, and to accept at its own considerable value a talent which relies on charming mannerism and ruggedly humorous sincerity. There is no more natural actress on the New York stage, for the simple reason that Miss Williams never attempts to be much else than her natural self. She will probably always be cast in type. Or, more likely still, there will always be at least one good playwright a year who will think it worth his while to write a play especially for her. And—he will not be mistaken.

As usual, Arthur Hopkins has supplied an excellent supporting cast. Donn Cook as the more or less insufferable Truesdale, and Katherine Leslie as the more insufferable Evie Lawrence are excellent. It is Truesdale's broken engagement with Evie which starts the machinery going, and his later flirtations with Evie which nearly destroy Hope Williams's (beg pardon—Sara Jaffrey's) honeymoon. But the best acting of all is by Robert Williams as Sara's unsuccessful suitor, Johnnie Coles. Settings, as usual, by Robert Edmond Jones, round out the production with rare perfection of atmosphere and detail. A special word should also be said for the rarely subtle and delightful curtains to the first and second acts, the latter being reminiscent, though in a far different key, of the second-act climax of Burlesque—also a Hopkins production. (At the Plymouth Theatre.)

Dishonored Lady

OF ALL the infernal rubbish ever put together by two intelligent playwrights and presented by a distinguished producer with an even more distinguished star, this play deserves the prize money. It is written by Margaret Ayer Barnes and Edward Sheldon, produced by Gilbert Miller, and used as a starring vehicle by Katharine Cornell.

Once more we have Miss Cornell playing the sentimentalized version of a degenerate—a rather worse version this time than either Iris March of the Green Hat or the lace-making heroine of The Letter. Madeleine Cary is the sort of person who, planning to get rid of an inconvenient lover by arsenic, can and does spend amorous hours with him up to the moment of administering the fatal dose. She does this in spite of the fact that she is sincerely in love with a young English nobleman, whom she intends to marry. She also does it, not as the only means of coming near enough to José Moreno's coffee cup, but because she actually craves his affection even while planning his murder. To make matters worse, she creates a successful alibi by involving a married man who had befriended her honestly, and asking him to swear in court that she had spent the fatal hours with him. There is nothing pathetic in the fact that she is finally left completely alone the very morning of her acquittal—nothing, that is, unless one means by pathos the hopeless tendencies of any strictly pathological case.

The play itself, even as Grand Guignol melodrama, is poorly written. It is not even a good horror story, because it lamely attempts to throw too much sympathy to its abnormal heroine, and so obscures and retards the action. Only three or four scenes are good on purely dramatic grounds. The rest is so poor that, with the least deliberate twist by the actors, it would become a huge satire.

There remains only the mystery of why the star permits her fine talents to be exploited in such fifth-rate claptrap. It can only be explained on the ground that Miss Cornell, whose glowing character emerged so brilliantly in Shaw's Candida, undergoes some mental aberration in appraising a part which makes her read into the character a hundred subtleties never

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dreamed of by the author. In other words, through an exaggeration of that process by which every artist tries to sink into and understand a rôle, she bestows much of her own grace and womanly charm and intellect on a wholly unworthy character. It is a process of mental self-deception which is unfair to Miss Cornell herself. By a sort of invincible charity, she must assume for these egotistical and neurotic heroines compensating qualities which are entirely her own and do not belong to the women of the play. The result is unfair likewise to the theatre itself, for there are probably not more than two or three actresses with the native equipment of Miss Cornell, and her work is needed badly in plays that really measure up to her talent. Moreover, her own work is suffering in the process of reforming bad women characters against their will. In the present instance, Miss Cornell is brittle and mannered in certain scenes, tears emotion to bits in others, and displays a singsong diction almost throughout, in which the beginning of each phrase is accented, while the end trails off into inaudibility. Even a first class talent can not long withstand the corrosion of theatrical rubbish. (At the Empire Theatre.)

The Screen Version of Hit the Deck

STRANGER and less welcome things have happened than the transformation of this highly successful musical comedy into a screen operetta. Originally a play called Shore Leave, then a bright though routine musical comedy, and now a screen combination, Hit the Deck has run the gamut of possible dramatic treatments. In its latest form, it offers many interesting examples of the new technique which is rapidly revolutionizing motion-picture entertainment.

During the initial stages, I began to be quite hopeful that the producers had at last found a method of eliminating the dancing chorus boy and of making the operetta form keep some sense of illusion. The hope was short lived, since even the screen version retains American sailors who dance in formation like ballet girls. But it is significant, I think, of screen possibilities that in the initial chorus numbers and throughout many of the scenes which were entirely conventional in the theatre, the singing was quite spontaneous, with the singers spread about naturally and acting reasonably well in the fashion of human beings. Moreover, when the ridiculous dance numbers were finally resorted to, it was always quite evident that they were unnecessary, and only inserted as a sop to alleged or supposed public demand.

To give but one instance, the famous Hallelujah chorus got off to a good start, and quite logically, as part of a Negro spiritualist meeting. It appeared for a time that something of the weird scenic effects of Porgy would be used to carry the rhythm—a distinct screen improvement over the stage version, in which alleged Chinese girls went through amazing acrobatics. But at an arbitrary signal, a Negro chorus in scanty and tinseled costumes appeared to go through an utterly banal routine. The scene abruptly went Harlem and cabaret.

In the main, however, and in spite of these absurd concessions to stage convention, Hit the Deck comes far nearer to natural illusion on the screen than as a musical comedy. The producers take just enough advantage of their new liberty of action, scene and sequences to forecast brilliant possibilities when some director of genuine intelligence and imagination takes hold of such problems. We are also indebted to the screen for the chance to see and hear the delectable Polly Walker in this old favorite. She is a born actress as well as a singer. Jackie Oakie was also excellent as the famous "Bilge" Smith. (At the Earl Carroll Theatre.)

BOOKS

All Sides of Ibsen

Ibsen, the Master Builder, by A. E. Zucker. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

"IN MY quiet moments," said Peer Gynt, "I sound and probe and dissect my own inward parts—and where it hurts most, too." When a man can truthfully make that statement about himself, and when he can also force or beguile others to do the same, in spite of their natural resistance to anything so uncomfortable, he has won for himself an honorable place among the world's teachers and artists. Such a man was Ibsen. His work is no longer branded as bestial, disgusting, poisonous, sickly, delirious, indecent, loathsome, fetid, literary carrion—all of which epithets, and more, appeared in a critical article on Ghosts in the London Daily Telegraph in 1891. Ibsen controversies are no more; the plays, from Brand to When We Dead Awaken, are reverently studied in school and college courses and performed with no less reverence before polite matinée audiences.

Ibsen has thus become almost a classic; he has ceased to be news. And in some respects his mission has indeed been fulfilled. He has shown our serious contemporary dramatists how to compose dialogue that is at once beautiful and natural, how to construct plays that move with beautiful implacability toward a given point. The lessons in literary technique that he provided have been rather thoroughly learned. But it is perhaps too much to expect that his more significant ethical teachings have made corresponding headway. His plays do not merely exhibit real human beings in a variety of entertaining, grotesque, pathetic, grim situations; they are forever exhorting their spectators and readers to cultivate the highest form of courage: to subordinate minor comforts and blind ideals to major purposes, and to be everlastingly intelligent and undeluded about it—"to sound and probe—where it hurts most, too." Many of the social problems to which Ibsen applied this ethical technique are no longer live issues with us, but that fact does not invalidate the technique itself. It deserves constant and fresh application. And so it is too bad that Ibsen is becoming a classic.

The present much-needed biography, the first one to appear in English for over twenty years, may serve the good purpose of keeping the living, efficient Ibsen before the public somewhat longer. Dr. Zucker has produced a competent work, basing it not only on a long period of documentary study and discussion, but also on visits to the scenes of Ibsen's life and on a great deal of personal correspondence and conference with persons who had known Ibsen. The material here presented is well selected. A human being, albeit an extraordinary one, emerges naturally from the historical account, from the anecdotes, letters, records of conversations, even from the photographs, drawings and caricatures with which the book is plentifully decorated.

The volume is not brilliantly written; but many readers will be grateful that Dr. Zucker has made no obvious attempt to reproduce the style of our wittier popular biographers, nor to reduce his hero to a collection of inhibitions, complexes, obsessions and sublimations. Ibsen's story loses little of its dramatic appeal by reason of this simplicity and restraint. His early life, punctuated by the usual sordid episodes through which every teacher like Ibsen must propel himself somehow; his maturity, distinguished by a rather morose truculence and pride as well as by literary and social warfare and eventual

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success and recognition; his last years, with their pathetic picture of an old man's dying mind, endeavoring to relearn the alphabet like a child—all this makes a drama of absorbing interest in itself.

Dr. Zucker has not missed his several opportunities for irony. He shows us the Ibsen who sadly lacked physical courage, who was vain enough to be proud of the decorations and orders which were pinned upon him so late and so grudgingly, who was jealous as well as taciturn, who rather foolishly cultivated romantic attachments to young females late in life. But even through all of this, Ibsen remains an attractive, even a noble figure, and certainly a most important one. His dramas, supplemented by the inspired interpretations to be found in Bernard Shaw's still excellent Quintessence of Ibsenism, and by this new biography, should be a part of the mental equipment of every honestly educated person.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

The Brick Pile

The American Scholar, by Norman Foerster. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. $1.00.

LITERATURE, which in a measure has been the modern substitute for religion and philosophy, is now badly in need of definition and—to use a tentative word—a ritual. Professor Foerster's little book is an outline of this need and, more specifically, an attack upon current academic "mystical faith in the brick." Here is meant the worship of "facts as facts" which, in the name of science, has supplanted that "due respect for facts as the necessary basis for sound knowledge" which ought to characterize every scholar. The "aptitude for entering intuitively into the inwardness of art" is often sacrificed to the belief that "adding to the store of human information" remains the highest university ideal. Professor Foerster thinks that philological research has, by this time, ploughed most of its field; that literary history has largely become a branch of historical science, which does not concern itself with "worth or value"; and that the tendency to study literature as history or sociology is leading the American scholar away from his job into such random domains as witchcraft, Welsh legal history and nineteenth-century manners. The indictment is often telling, the criticism is fearlessly candid, and the remedy (a reform of the educational system designed to emancipate us from a German scholarship which the Germans themselves consider out of date) is advocated with enthusiasm. Our author wishes to promote the application of "learning and the passion for truth to the study of the universal and unchanging in man, 'the underlying and permanent significance of humanity.'"

It is a program having much in its favor. I have just read a German symposium on literary study in which these two points of view were proposed and advocated: first, the isolation of easily recognizable "moments" in the history of literature, regarding the books and cultural conditions of which the student or critic might be expected to possess an exhaustive knowledge; secondly, limitation of criticism to the purely aesthetic aspects of literature. Those who defended the first point of view maintained that "writing" cannot be separated from "life," that the critic might therefore know this life, and that since omniscience is not to be expected of anyone the individual must content himself with a "representative selection" to be mastered before venturing into pastures new. The second declared that a critic can never be a philosopher, scientist, historian and paleographer rolled into one, and so ought to content himself with the simple but interesting job of contemplating aesthetic. One may properly object that the "representative selection" would be too formal, and that literature is simply not purely aesthetic. But the mere statement of these divergent views suffices to explain the immense difficulties which criticism encounters in an age when the supply of knowledge has grown incredibly large. To me Professor Foerster's critique has much the same value; but I do not see how he can expect to divert the whole current into a single channel, even though he has commendably advertised the "one thing needful" in the field of literary study.

It may be that there are too many philologists, and that they waste the time of countless students. Perhaps literary history, which includes the study of outside influences upon literature during history, has intoxicated a number of otherwise worthy souls. One feels, however, that these excesses are merely signs of where the exuberance of the time has really been manifest. The American university has in a measure been compelled to permit the giving to people of what they wanted and could absorb by persons fitted for that task. The national trek toward culture has been a pilgrimage toward information by crowds which conceived of literature impressionistically and of learning in terms of the Britannica. I see no hope for a change until change is passionately desired or sacrificially earned. To modify systems will get us nowhere. We must await the appearance of personalities who can make their own systems, and these will hardly appear until some audience demands their presence. In all bitter truth, one hears no such clamor. But Professor Foerster's book is nevertheless a brave whisper.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Ludwig as Novelist

Diana, by Emil Ludwig. New York: The Viking Press. Two volumes, $5.00.

MR. LUDWIG'S Diana was first published in Berlin as two separate novels in 1917 and 1918. He has now combined these in a revised version under a common title, and they have been rather well translated into English by Eden and Cedar Paul.

The story is baffling alike in its intent and in its treatment. One reads on, not because of any irresistible interest in the rather sordid course of events, so many of them unconvincingly motivated by overdrawn coincidence, but because of a curiosity to see whether there is any actuating purpose beneath this motley succession of ephemeral love affairs. And one finds none whatever unless, indeed, Mr. Ludwig believes Diana herself such an intriguing and entirely unusual character that she is worth 600 pages of meticulous vivisection!

One reader at least cannot share this possible enthusiasm of the author. Diana, "a woman who never closed the door on nature's impulses," has little to offer save a kind of smart cleverness which serves her as well in her tumultuous amours as in her secret service work in the interests of European diplomacy. She becomes exhausting before the first volume is completed. Nor is she helpfully supplemented by her associates who are as scheming, crass, egocentric and dull a lot of creatures as can be imagined. Indeed, there is only one who is touched at all either by humor or by the least degree of fineness; only one who is actuated by anything but selfish, not to say sensual motives, and he is mercifully spared further association with his colleagues by his death in a duel.

The trappings of this strange chronicle are romantic in the extreme. Duels are eclipsed by far more mediaeval accoutre-

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Liturgical Music

At the Pius X School of Liturgical Music Dom Sablayrolle will continue the series of lectures on Sacred Art on February 28.

An associate of Dom Mocquereau, the greatest authority in the last century on Gregorian Chant, Dom Sablayrolle is excellently suited to his subject. He is a French Benedictine, member of an order whose life is essentially bound up with the Chant. The lecture will be interpreted by Mrs. Justine Ward who will conduct the choir in passages which will illustrate the theme of the speaker.

Future lectures will be given by Mr. Bancel La Farge on Sacred Painting and Reverend Cornelius Clifford on Sacred Literature.

Since the capacity of the hall where the lectures will be held is small, reservations should be made early as tickets for the individual lectures are distributed in order of application.

All lectures are held in Pius X Hall, 130th Street and Convent Avenue, at 4.00 P.M. on the dates scheduled.

Tickets for each lecture, $2.00

Special Rates for Students Upon Application

Application may be made to The Director of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music, Telephone Cathedral 1334— or to The Commonweal, Suite 4622, Grand Central Terminal New York City, Telephone Murray Hill 8581.

ments. Embowered islands, shallops, love sonnets and prancing steeds, a lady named Olivia in a castle window combing her long golden hair, the hunt with sound of horn, princes with romantic names and palaces with romantic furnishings! In themselves idyllic, one expects these to lend at least a blithesome atmosphere to episodes and incidents. But they remain as shadowy and unreal as the most naturalistic of Diana's amorous experiences.

Herein, in fact, lies the enigma of Mr. Ludwig's story. If it is a romance, may not one rightly expect something of the idealism which has marked romances from Tristan and Iseult to Lorna Doone? If it is a realistic novel, has not one the right to demand a semblance of realism with the dignity always attendant upon that which rings true of whatever nature it may be? If it partakes of both romance and realism as cerain great books hitherto have done (one thinks thankfully of The Cloister and the Hearth and The Saga of Costa Berling) may one not confidently expect a merging of the two, the one complementing and enhancing the other into an effect of unity? But Mr. Ludwig's tale is neither one thing nor the other nor yet an acceptable mixture of the two. Its materialistic people and its futile, empty events become after a few hours as shadowy and indistinct as its court of love accessories and its romantic settings.

Mr. Ludwig, one hopes, will not now desert his safer field of biography for more of this sort of fiction.

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

A Russian Remembers

The Saburov Memoirs, or Bismarck and Russia, by J. Y. Simpson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS book will prove invaluable to every student of prewar European politics. Better than any other of the recent contributions to modern history, it shows us the why and wherefore of the different events which finally brought about the cataclysm of 1914. It substantiates the accusation which Russian liberals in czarist times were constantly leveling at their government: the accusation that two political opinions and two different lines of action existed in Russia, the policy represented by the emperor, and that which, unknown to him, was carried on by his ministers and political advisers. Having personally known M. Saburov, it is possible to me to draw the distinction between the point of view which he constantly defended, and that which he was supposed to represent. His memoirs indicate that perhaps the policy which was then popular in governmental circles, but which was violently opposed by the entire country, was sounder than could have been supposed. It is quite certain that the destruction of Russia might have been delayed if not averted, had the alliance with Germany been adhered to. But this alliance was detested, and it was attacked wherever possible by nearly all the intelligent elements in Russia. It was bound to collapse principally because the nation had not been educated into the necessity of holding to it, until the day when it would become possible to throw it off without danger. No nation can go forward on the road of greatness or progress under an autocratic government. Under a constitution public opinion in Russia would not have been so eager for war with Germany.

M. Saburov proves irrefutably that the Russian policy as represented not by the sovereign, but by those in possession of his confidence, had only one aim—the possession of Constantinople and the Straits. This was persistently denied, and I do not think that either Alexander II or Alexander III ever

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desired it. But it was an idea which haunted the minds of Russian foreign ministers with the exception of M. de Giers, and unfortunately it took hold of his successors, M. Izwolsky, and M. Sazonoff, and also of Nicholas II, with the result which we have seen.

This dual policy which, often unknown to the sovereign, was carried on in Russia, explains why, on the eve of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 Alexander II told the British ambassador, Lord Augustus Loftus, that he would not occupy Constantinople. He was quite sincere when he said it, but what he did not know was that Prince Gortchakoff had this goal in view, that the Russian Foreign Office aspired to reach it, and then to confront the czar with an accomplished fact, things which would have been absolutely impossible under a constitutional government when one minister could not have pursued a policy of his own, unknown to his colleagues.

In this respect as well as in others, the memoirs of M. Saburov are illuminating. I do not think that they tell us anything new in regard to Prince Bismarck. The mighty chancelor appears as we always knew him, an ardent German patriot, sincere at times, and frank when he thought the situation required it, but not at all the "honest broker" he wanted others to believe he was. His negotiations with Austria appear at times to have been conducted more for the benefit of the gallery, than because he desired them to succeed. It is plain when one reads between the lines that all he had attempted to do was to try and persuade the Russian ambassador that he really wished to renew the alliance of the three emperors, while in reality he had become convinced of its futility as an instrument of peace, and knew very well that Germany could not go on indefinitely mediating between Austria and Russia. Even if he had continued in power, he would not have been able in the long run to prevent the disaster which ultimately destroyed the German empire together with its two immediate neighbors. The fact was that the days of monarchies were waning, and that the principle of nationalism was coming more and more to the front. This Bismarck did not live to see, but the world has had to become reconciled to it, and from that point of view, it is well that books like M. Saburov's Memoirs see the light of day. They reconcile us to the inevitable, and prove that mankind can never in the long run control events indefinitely.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

The Bones of Paganism

The Religious Quests of the Greco-Roman World: A Study of the Historical Background of Early Christianity, by S. Angus. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.00.

IN HIS preface Professor Angus says: "No genetic study of Christianity will ever explain Christianity. Yet ignorance of its antecedents and of the contemporary spiritual forces and mentality renders a true appreciation impossible. There is a more excellent way of magnifying Christianity than by ignoring and decrying paganism, or disparaging the rival systems which Christianity overcame."

One can readily sympathize with the purpose which Professor Angus thus expresses, and it is certainly desirable that Catholics should know the historical setting in which Christianity arose. One must recognize, too, the enormous range of reading back of this book. But the actual result is disappointing to this reviewer.

For first of all, Professor Angus fails to make these old religions live for me. I suspect that there is as much difference between the reality and the description, as between a human

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NEXT WEEK

Next week The Commonweal promises positively to turn a new leaf. We have long been convinced that comment with personality and significance (but also with a sparkle all its own) is one of the most attractive things about modern journalism. The question with us was simply, How shall we get such comment? Michael Williams has decided to supply the answer. . . . PLACES AND PERSONS is the title selected for a feature which will appear weekly, and which will combine awareness of the here and now with reminiscence of things past. . . . Few men have had a more varied and adventurous career than Mr. Williams. Years of experience in every department of American journalism brought him in contact with interesting figures of yesterday and now. His column will attempt to reflect this experience as well as the spiritual conviction which he has endeavored to preach during recent years.. . . . We feel that our readers—even those who are as yet "future" readers—will welcome this new venture. It is part of a program The Commonweal hopes to put through during coming months in order to make the magazine better, more modern and more attractive to the public. Eventually this should bring us both many new writers—and new readers, who are the writer's greatest necessity. . . . The articles assured for publication next week are Lyle W. Cooper's MR. FORD'S LATEST (a study in Ford method). . . . Father C. C. Martindale's THE STREETS OF THE CITY (an absorbing commentary on human nature). . . . Professor Frank O'Hara's MONEY AT 200 PERCENT (a glance at modern usury). . . . and Dorothy Day's AT GUADALUPE (a narrative of a Mexican pilgrimage). . . . The menu likewise includes a sketch by Commander McGuire, omitted by necessity last week, and other things too numerous to mention.

being and a text-book of anatomy. Of course, it is a difficult task to reconstruct long-dead systems of philosophy and religion. Any Catholic who has tried to describe Catholicism to one who is not a Catholic will realize how much more difficult it must be to give an intimate picture of a religion studied from the outside. In the whole range of our literature there are only a few outstanding examples of success. But that does not alter my conviction that Professor Angus has failed.

The second count against Professor Angus is more serious. Despite his candid assertion that Christianity cannot be explained as the mere product of its antecedents and environment, he lays too much stress upon the supposed influence of other religions. Apart from his formal protests, the general impression is that Christianity is just as human as any of the other religions he is dealing with.

The place of the external in religion is well done. But he spoils the total effect by putting the sacraments on the same basis as the magic of Ali Baba. And is not Professor Angus taking himself rather too seriously when he assumes the ecumenical authority gravely to propose scrapping the idea of Christly sanction and institution, special grace and necessary matter for the sacraments?

Gradually the impression emerged for me that just as Professor Angus has failed to make paganism live, so he has failed really to enter into living Christianity. What he describes as Christianity is certainly not the religion of a Catholic. And the marvelous thing to a Catholic is the nonchalance with which those who reject the authority of the Church expect others to accept their professorial authority. Certain scholars seem to assume for themselves and for those who share their opinions an apparent infallibility where no Pope would so presume.

J. Elliot Ross.

The Irish Poets

The Renaissance of Irish Poetry, by David Morton. New York: Ives Washburn. $2.50.

MR. MORTON would be the first, I feel sure, to admit that as a critical summary of modern Irish poetry his book is exceedingly inadequate. He quite clearly knows little about Irish mythology and nothing of Gaelic. Moreover his own gentle spirit has slight affinity with the traditional spirit of Irish verse, which Mr. Daniel Corkery, in his great book, The Hidden Ireland, has called one of devastating bleakness. And, like nearly all outsiders who have fallen under the Celtic enchantment, he takes the famous Irish fairies far more seriously, not to say solemnly, than any Irishman does. They are to be properly accepted as merely the light laughter of the heroic age.

But allowing for these defects The Renaissance of Irish Poetry should serve a useful purpose as an easy introduction of the average reader to this branch of literature. Mr. Morton is a poet, and knows a good poem when he sees one. And he has kept himself intact from the slop and slobber of the sentiment lists of the Molly Acushla school of Hibernians.

The book is really a small anthology with running comment. If the comment is not learned or profound the selections are well chosen. I specially commend his inclusion of Robin Flower's Saint Ita and James Stephens's Deirdre, neither of which, by the way, is to be found in Mr. Padraic Colum's anthology—although that is distinctly the best collection of Irish verse yet made, as Mr. Corkery's study is the most illuminating criticism of the Gaelic spirit in literature.

Theodore Maynard.

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A Chaplain at the Front

Soldiering for Cross and Flag, by Celestine N. Bittle, O. M. Cap. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. $2.00.

IS it merely a coincidence, that eleven years after the war, and but weeks apart, two war books should come to me, one the antithesis of the other? Right on the heels of Erich Maria Remarque comes Father Celestine Bittle with Soldiering for Cross and Flag, the impressions of a war chaplain. He is as human as Remarque, but he offers a consoling hope where Remarque despairs. It is a difference consistent even in structure and style.

He who reads Remarque knows but half the war, and he who reads Father Bittle sees the other half. While in Remarque there is a bitter reality unmitigated by even a ray of hope, we have in Father Bittle's experiences of some eight months an idealistic but perhaps a truer picture of war. He has written a sincere story of personal sacrifice, of wartime military life and achievement, that is noble from beginning to end and brings out more clearly than any criticism can the sadness of the waste of so much life, character and goodness.

In Remarque we hate war, because it is provocative of all that is mean, animalistic and destructive; in Father Bittle we hate war, because it is wasteful of so much that is good, manly and constructive. Father Bittle has written as a soldier and a priest in full realization of war-hardship and misery and in restrained appreciation of the spiritual within each soldier's heart. It is a book which the American soldier can be proud of. It is a sincere, distinct and splendid contribution to Catholic war literature, well worth the reading.

A. M. BOURSEY.

The Prince

The Biography of the Prince of Wales, by W. and L. Townsend. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE word "biography" is somewhat misleading here as there is really little in this volume which could not have been read within the columns of a society journal. Such matters as the resolution of the two Houses of Parliament on the birth of the Prince, the Australian tour, the Indian, the South African, the South American and the interrupted East African tours, which, with the visits to the United States and Canada, fill up nearly one-third of the volume, add nothing to what has already been published in the daily press. We shall still have to wait for a real biography giving details of the royal heir's court and domestic life.

The authors are at their best in the introduction, in which they delightfully picture the Prince under many aspects of public life; if this method had been maintained the book would, possibly, have been more interesting. Indeed the paragraph on the Prince saluting the untouchables, the scorned scavengers of India, is excellently presented. Such portraiture seems to indicate a natural gift in the authors.

The inclusion of an extract from a speech at Delhi upon the detestable habit of the uninformed tourist putting his or her views in writing, is a delicious touch and bears repetition, the mordant sentence being, "There are, I believe, some persons who come from England and after spending even fewer weeks than I have in this country, give their valuable views and impressions about India to the public; I am content for the present to remain a reverent student of the many wonderful things which the book of India has to unfold."

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Briefer Mention

The Greek Fathers, by James Marshall Campbell. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.75.

Greek Literature in the Early Christian Church, by G. Bardy. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $1.35.

HERE are two meaty little books on a part of Christian literature regarding which more ought to be known. In a measure Professor Campbell's résumé rounds out the Abbé Bardy's treatise. The second is an outline, bristling with names and tentative estimates which will help the reader unfamiliar with the topic; the first is more interested in the general drift and its importance. One finds both valuable, although necessarily limited in range, and hopes they may promote a deeper interest in the work and personalities of such men as Saint John Crysostom.

The Pageant of America, Volume XV: Annals of American Sport, by John Allen Krout. New York: The Yale University Press.

THE concluding volume of The Pageant of America series is an outline of sport as indulged in by Americans from the days of the early settlers to the last years of the past decade. No attempt has been made to exhaust the history, but each division has been given interesting treatment textually and pictorially. A glance at the chapter headings—The Romance of the Turf, Yachting and Aquatics, Anglers and Nimrods, The Rise of the National Game, Football and the Scholastic Influence—will assure the reader that The Annals of American Sport takes proper place in a very remarkable series.

Marse Robert, by James C. Young. New York: Rae D. Henkle Company, Incorporated. $5.00.

ENOUGH good material has been assembled for the writing of this biography of Robert E. Lee to make a thoroughly interesting and valuable book. Unfortunately Mr. Young is so concerned with his own emotional and sentimental reactions that his reader is almost immediately alienated. Major Giles B. Cooke, Lee's last aide, is quoted at length in a graphic account of the final months of the Virginia campaign; and numerous letters written by Lee give other intimate pictures of a man whose history was one of greatness and tragedy. But neither Lee nor the figures surrounding him have been infused with any considerable life.

CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN CARTER, the author of Man Is War, and Conquest, is associated with the State Department in Washington.

CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN, professor of rhetoric and English at Barnard College, Columbia University, is the author of Essays out of Hours; Introduction to English Mediaeval Literature, and other books.

SISTER M. MADELEVA, S.C.S., poet and critic, is the author of Pearl; and Penelope .

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS, formerly on the staff of Current Opinion, is a contributor of poetry to current publications.

HILAIRE BELLOC, whose books include The Path to Rome, and Europe and the Faith, is an English writer on history, politics and literature.

WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR., is chief of Senate Staff of the United States Daily, Washington, D. C.

HELENE MULLINS is a New York poet.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR., is a literary critic, author of Thomas Hardy, a Study, and lecturer on English literature at Columbia University.

PAUL CROWLEY is a literary critic for the American reviews.

MARY ELLEN CHASE is professor of English literature in Smith College, and the author of The Golden Asse and Other Essays.

PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL of Russia is the author of They Knew the Washingtons; and The Intimate Life of the Last Tzarina.

REV. J. ELLIOT ROSS is at the School of Religion, Iowa State University.

THEODORE MAYNARD, associate professor of English at Georgetown College, is the author of Exile; The Book of Modern Catholic Verse; and The Book of Modern Catholic Prose.

A. M. BOURSEY is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

BOYD-CARPENTER, a writer on European politics, is a professor in the Department of Political Philosophy of Fordham University.

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